THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

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POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

We are assured on good authority that no coolness has arisen between Germany and Denmark in consequence of the engagement of Princess Thyra to the Duke of Cumberland. The reason why no representative of Germany was present at the betrothal was, it is asserted, that no German Minister-plenipotentiary was then at Copenhagen. Herr Von Heydebrandt und der Lasa, the titular ambassador, had left some time before because he was unable to bear the rough climate, and his successor, Baron Magnus, Prussian Minister at Stuttgart, was not yet officially appointed.

The marriage will take place very early in the year and will be as simple as possible, as both families are in mourning, the one on account of the death of Princess Thyra's uncle, and the Duke of Cumberland for his father. The latter will remain in Denmark till the wedding, at which Queen Mary and her daughters may probably not be present. After the marriage the happy pair will go to Penzing, near Vienna, where the Duke of Cumberland has a pretty country house.

Our Berlin correspondent writes:—"Negotiations between Bismarck and Cardinal Nina are still going on, and the Bavarian Cabinet continues to act as go-between. Count Holnstein, Master of the Horse of the King of Bavaria, who has more than once been charged with delicate diplomatic missions, is now at Berlin. He arranged the meeting at Kissingen between Prince Bismarck and Monsignor Masella, and it was he again who in April last succeeded in bringing about the correspondence between Leo XIII. and the Berlin Court, which has resulted in the present conciliatory steps. But Prince Bismarck has one object only in view; he wants to force the party of the Centre to lay down their arms; and, in order to do this, the Ultramontane electors must first be convinced that the Pope himself is more inclined to a reconciliation with the Government than their own chiefs. When Windhorst, Schorlemer, and others, are isolated from the Vatican, they will no longer have an excuse for opposing him. A reconciliation with the Duke of Cumberland would greatly forward the Chancellor's views in this respect; and the publication of the protest addressed by the son of George V. to the Emperor William, after his father's death, was only meant as a hint to the Danish Court that it might be well for the Duke of Cumberland to settle his private affairs with the Prussian Crown before his marriage. Herr Windhorst was then summoned to Vienna and Gmunden by Queen Mary of Hanover, who requested him to undertake negotiations with Prussia. But the Hanoverian ex-Minister declared frankly that as he was not at all liked at Berlin he was not the right man to succeed in the affair, and other persons have, therefore, undertaken the task, whose position compels Prince Bismarck to listen to them with respect.

We learn from St. Petersburg that the Russian Government seriously contemplates the occupation of Bokhara and the annexation of the remaining portion of Khiva, as a set off against the acquisitions we are expected to make in Afghanistan. There are rumours in circulation that General

Abramoff, the Governor of Ferghanah, has already occupied Karetegin, a small independent khanate lying between Bokhara and the Pamir.

On the subject of the British guarantee of a new Turkish loan which has been suggested by Sir H. A. Layard, there are reports current at Constantinople that Turkey would, in return, cede to England the port of Alexandretta in Syria, and the adjacent territory.

The Russian Minister of Finance contemplates the imposition of a tax of twenty per cent. upon the receipts of railways. As these amount to 150,000,000 roubles per annum, the tax would bring in thirty millions, or, at the present rate of exchange, three millions sterling. A tax on salt and spirits is also projected.

The Albanian League has been thoroughly reorganised by the efforts of the Porte. Its new chiefs, Koronizza and Shief Mustafa, have had several secret interviews with the Turkish commanders, and the object of the league is, we understand, to oppose by force of arms, if necessary, any further aggrandisement of Servia and Montenegro. The heights of Podgoritza are being fortified.

We hear that the Russian Government intends to send to East Roumelia, for the use of the army of occupation, twenty transport trains, each composed of 500 waggons. The waggons will be made at Warsaw, the horses will be bought in Roumelia, and the *personnel* will be exclusively Russian soldiers from Odessa. As altogether there will be 10,000 waggons, requiring, at the very lowest estimate, 10,000 men, it will be seen that this scheme will add a large force to the army of occupation.

The request for indemnity for the expenses of the occupation of the Turkish provinces having been withdrawn by Count Andrassy, in consequence of the vote of the Delegations, the personal influence of the Court is being largely employed to exorcise the crisis. Either the Count and his staff must go or the Chamber will be dissolved, or, which is most probable, the Opposition will be coaxed over. It is asserted that the Austrian Ministry will be reconstituted as follows:—Prime Minister, with the portfolio of Finance, Pretis; Home Affairs, Felder; Justice, Starschmid; Trade, Süss; Agriculture, Ziemialkowski; Education, Stremayr; War, Horst. All these men, except Süss, although nominally Liberals, are devoted to the Court party. Professor Süss is an extremely able, energetic, and fearless independent member.

The speech of Dr. Herbst at Pesth, when the Navy Estimates were laid before the Austrian delegates, has caused much sensation. The ex-Minister succeeded in showing by irrefutable figures, that Austria would, on the most moderate estimate, have to raise 140 millions of florins by the issue of *rente* in order to pay her share of the expenses of the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, without making any allowance for a possible increased mobilisation which European complications might demand. The position of Hungary is still worse.

The authorities of Odessa have been informed by several anonymous letters of a plot against the Czar's life, which was to be carried out by blowing up the railway station during His Majesty's stay in the building, on his way from Livadia to St. Petersburg.

General Skobelew has been summoned by Todleben to Adrianople to be present at a Council of War, to which all the commanders of corps and divisions have also been invited. We are informed that the Council will discuss all the measures which will have to be taken in case an advance on Constantinople were decided on.

The Turkish evacuation at Varna is proceeding as slowly as possible. There are still four battalions of Nizams holding the fortress, although several Russian officers are in the town. The Russian General Monowisky has already complained of this repeated infraction of the Berlin Treaty, and has at last foreshadowed energetic measures from the Russian side.

It is asserted that Count Schouvalow's visit to Paris was not unconnected with affairs in Egypt, where French and English are working in harmony highly unpleasant to the Russians. On this subject our readers are referred to our "Letter from Egypt."

The Black Sea Steam Navigation Company, at the express desire of the Russian Government, will for the future, despatch no more steamers between Odessa and China. The voyage will be performed by the Moscow cruisers, which also will touch at the Indian ports. An arrangement has at the same time been effected between the Moscow Committee and the Black Sea Company, by which the latter will confine its vessels exclusively to the Black Sea, while the former undertakes voyages to the Mediterranean and foreign ports.

There is some difference of opinion between the King of Italy and his Minister of the Interior. The latter wishes to bring forward a Bill against the Internationalists, which His Majesty opposes.

A ministerial crisis in Italy is imminent, the position of Zanardelli being seriously compromised.

We have it on good authority that, in view of the importance that the Siberian coast has acquired through the opening up of the sea trade with Europe, the Russian Government has decided upon establishing a naval station at Nova Zembla next summer.

Professor Eilovisky, the leading historian of Russia, and a prominent member of the Panslavist party, has written a *brochure*, deploring that Russia did not conclude with Shir Ali a convention similar to that existing between England

and Turkey with regard to Asia Minor. "In that case," declares the Moscow Professor, "England would have never dared to have entered the Khyber, and Russian influence would have been predominant at Cabul.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Count Schouvaloff, the versatile ambassador who was said to carry a supply of telegrams in his pocket ready written for any emergency, has aroused some natural suspicion by his recent journeys across Europe from court to court and his interviews with the leading Continental statesmen. Those who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of Russian policy might have thought that, since it was Russia who had thrown Europe into alarm by her attempts to evade or nullify the Treaty of Berlin, the Czar's declaration that he was resolved henceforward to maintain the Treaty should have put an end to all further negotiation on the subject. It is evident, however, that this is not the case; on the contrary, the pourparlers between the various Cabinets are more lively than ever. The fact is that, like previous Russian declarations which were meant to be reassuring, the present one is saddled with conditions and reservations which go far to rob it of its value. That it was not given spontaneously need hardly be stated; and there is some reason to believe that it was a diplomatic move, made with the object of frustrating certain negotiations between Vienna and Constantinople for an Austro-Turkish Convention, in virtue of which the Porte would cede to Austria Bosnia and Herzegovina, while the Vienna Cabinet would, on its side, engage to take up a portion of the Turkish debt and oppose Russia in Eastern Roumelia. But be this as it may, it is certain that Russia will not honour her signature to the Berlin Treaty except on certain conditions. As usual, she wishes to make a bargain. Turkey is fulfilling her obligations under the Treaty, and Russia professes to be quite ready to fulfil hers, but only provided that the Porte will be tractable on the question of the indemnity and of the rectification of the Greek frontier. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the Emperor's declaration, 230,000 Russian troops still occupy the country as far as the gates of Constantinople. The object of Count Schouvaloff's journeyings was, doubtless, to induce the Powers, in return for the Russian declaration, to put pressure on the Porte with a view to its yielding to the Russian demands. On the whole, his mission appears to have been unsuccessful, except in Paris, where he has persuaded M. Waddington to intercede with the Porte on behalf of Greece. There seems to be really some approach to an understanding between Austria and England at last, and Prince Bismarck is not inclined to separate himself from the other Powers on this question. But in the whole of the Eastern complication there is a Power which has been too much disregarded, and which it will be much more difficult to prevent from tearing to pieces the Treaty of Berlin than even Russia. It is impossible in these days of great national movements that a European State—still less a combination of European States—should compel a foreign nationality to accept a rule of which it does not approve; and the ultimate union of Eastern Roumelia with the principality of Bulgaria is as natural and inevitable as the union of Lombardy with Sardinia, or that of Moldavia with Wallachia. Such a union would be the death-blow of the Berlin Treaty, of which the chief object was to prevent it.

A curious picture of the relations of England and Russia with the Sultan in the sixteenth century is given by M. Klaczko in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He shows that Queen Elizabeth, in order to induce Mourad III. to join her in an alliance against Spain and the Pope, professed to have a community of religious interests with the Sultan. She called herself "*veræ fidei contra idolatros propugnatrix;*" and lest there should be any doubt as to the meaning of this phrase, Mr. Harebone, the English envoy at Constantinople, addressed a letter to the Sultan as follows:—"If your Highness will declare war without delay together with my sovereign against the proud Spaniard, and that impostor the Pope, they will not escape the penalty of their rashness, for God, who only protects his people, would not fail to punish these idolaters." The Sultan, however, haughtily refused to ally himself with any Christian monarch, though even the Pope Æneas Sylvius offered him his alliance if he would consent to undergo the ceremony of baptism. The foreign representatives at Constantinople were subjected to all sorts of humiliations. Harebone was threatened with the bastinado; Busbeck, the Austrian envoy, was told he would have his ears and nose cut off, and even their own guards kept their seats as they passed. One Power only—Russia—insisted on being treated as the equal of the Padishah. Michael Plestcheyeff, on arriving at Constantinople on a mission from Ivan the Terrible, refused to kneel in the Sultan's presence or to accept gifts from him, and the same independent spirit was shown by his successors. The Russians, indeed, were the only European nation that was then feared by the Sultan. The reason of this is alleged to be by an Italian chronicler of the time that "the Grand Duke of Muscovy belongs to the Greek Church, like the peoples of Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, the Morea, and Greece. These peoples are, therefore, much devoted to him, and will always take up arms to liberate themselves from Turkish slavery and submit to his rule." Another Italian, Cedolini, Bishop of Lesina, thus wrote to Pope Clement VIII. in 1594:—"Thanks to the conformity of the Illyrian and Slavonic languages and the community of religion, the Russian has the sympathies of the majority of the population, both in European and Asiatic Turkey; he aspires to the Empire of Constantinople, on account of his family ties with the old Greek emperors, but chiefly because he is, more than any other sovereign in the world, master of his subjects, like the Turk."

Sir Henry Rawlinson's able article in the *Nineteenth Century*, on Afghanistan, will probably have many more readers than the voluminous buff book published on Thursday, and the patient portion of the public which studies them both will discover that Sir Henry has, to a great extent, summarised the Indian papers, and has drawn the fairest conclusions from them. It is quite evident that Lord Cranbrook's despatch was not as plain-spoken as it should have been, while the Duke of Argyll's reply almost amounts to a wilful misrepresentation of facts. Lord Cranbrook dwelt very lightly on the alarm felt by Shere Ali of Russian advance; the Duke went so far as to state that Shere Ali did not, in fact, feel

much alarmed, and said little about it. The papers now published prove that the Ameer's fears were very great and constantly increasing, and that his judgment on the effect of Russian conquests in Central Asia was sounder than that of our own administrators, both in India and at home. In the face of General Kauffman's speech, we cannot understand why our Ministers are so frightened of placing the saddle on the right horse, and declaring frankly what everybody knows. The blindness shown by the late Government, and the timidity displayed by the present one, are exactly adapted to encourage the ambitious designs entertained at St. Petersburg.

The remarkable placidity with which Count Andrassy and his colleagues have received the adverse vote of the Delegations at Pesth, who declined to grant an indemnity to Ministers for the money expended in Bosnia until they had sanctioned the Berlin Treaty, has astonished some English people who measure foreign Cabinets with the same standard as they would our own. In England, dissolution or resignation is the only reply to a vote of want of confidence; but, then, English Ministers have, fortunately, not generally the same financial reasons for clinging to their office, nor does the Queen exercise her prerogative by keeping them. In Austro-Hungary, the case is different. Count Andrassy, Baron Hofmann, and Herr von Teschenberg, who are the principal men in the "joint" Cabinet, are all thorough courtiers, charming companions, enthusiastic sportsmen, and good dancers. Besides, Count Andrassy is very clever at detecting and expelling Social Democrats, although, in this respect, he is not quite so well seconded by Baron Hofmann as he might expect, for the noble Baron is busy "assisting" at rehearsals of new ballets at the Opera or of adaptations from French plays at the Carl Theater. Recently, his love for the stage was very nearly causing an European catastrophe. Madame Lucca was about to leave Vienna for Paris, and, impatient of custom-house delays, applied to her dear friend the Minister of Finance for a diplomatic pass to enable her luggage to cross the French frontier without examination. Of course this was instantly granted. A few days later, Madame Lucca again knocked at the door of His Excellency's private office, and, after informing him that she was going to send her trunks, containing only her dresses for the stage, forward by her courier, she begged that the pass might be altered to the courier's name. This was also done instantly with the greatest willingness. But Baron Hofmann though a diplomat, is not very discreet about his *bonnes fortunes*, and mentioned the fair songstress's visit to the French Secretary of Legation, whom he happened to meet in the course of the evening. To his Excellency's astonishment, the Frenchman instantly rushed off to the Legation, and when, twenty-four hours later, the courier arrived at the frontier, he was required to open his boxes. The production of his "diplomatic pass" was met by the counter production of a telegram annulling it, and on inspection, the trunks were found to be full of fly sheets, pamphlets, and other printed matter, all containing the most advanced Communard or Social-democratic doctrines. The alleged courier was in fact, an International Emmissary, and Count Andrassy sent for Baron Hofmann, and recommended him to take a decided step, and devote himself altogether to the stage. But the Baron preferred playing the part of Minister, which does not prevent his being also very frequently first walking gentleman; so he remains to administer the finances of the Empire.

We have received the following letter from our Paris correspondent:—

The Republicans are assured of a majority at the coming elections for the Senate; the number will probably be about ten. This will, no doubt, cause a change in the Ministry, and M. Dufaure will retire. His position has become very precarious and, indeed, galling to himself, as, though technically head of the Government, he is obliged to submit to the will of M. Gambetta. He is a parliamentary Liberal of the old school, and is too conservative to go to the extreme lengths to which the Left are urging him, and which he will no longer be able to resist when both Chambers are of the same mind, instead of the one tempering the ardour of the other, as is now the case.

A number of M. Gambetta's friends are urging him to seize the reins of power openly which he already exercises unofficially, and to succeed M. Dufaure as President of the Council. Parliamentary logic requires that the responsibility of power should be in the hands of the head of the majority, and M. Gambetta can hardly refrain any longer, without damaging his reputation, from carrying out as Minister that programme which he is constantly advocating, both in his parliamentary and other public speeches. To these reasons is to be added another important one, though M. Gambetta's friends take care not to announce it openly, and that is, that the Extreme left may be able to divide amongst themselves all the high posts in the Government and in diplomacy, which up to now are held by the Left Centre. But M. Gambetta hesitates, for he has a capital chance of succeeding Marshal MacMahon in 1880 as President of the Republic; and if he were now to take office he would run the risk of damaging his popularity and of creating an opposition both in the majority of the Senate and the Chamber. It is well known that even now the submission of a portion of that majority to his orders is only on the surface. The extreme Left would not hesitate to wage a bitter and dangerous war against him, directly it was in their power to do so, by means of questions and interpellations addressed to him as responsible chief of the Government. The present position of M. Gambetta, having all the power without any of the responsibilities of Government, has many attractions for him, and, no doubt, he does not wish to alter it; but the situation cannot last, and it will be difficult to find a politician possessing the talent and the prestige necessary to preside over a Ministry, and also sufficient supple humility to be the puppet of M. Gambetta. If the latter decides to make his appearance on the stage as head of the Cabinet, he would take the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. M. Gambetta would have as assistant representative of the second rank in Parliament, M. Spuller, his former secretary at Rouen and Bordeaux. This gentleman who possesses much real knowledge and great acuteness, is already looked upon as the future Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The Budget Commission recently entrusted him with drawing up their report. During the last few days he has been hard at work at the Quai D'Orsay with the authorities of the Ministry, in drawing up a scheme for an official Diplomatic Annual, modelled on that issued by the English Foreign Office.

The duel between the Bonapartist deputy and the Radical journalist was an exact imitation of the farce acted by M. Gambetta and M. de Fourtou. The distance of 35 paces, the four seconds, and two doctors were strictly adhered to, with the same harmless result.

The Chamber of Deputies has voted the military budget for 1879 as rapidly as was expected. It amounts to 549½ millions of francs (about 22,000,000*l.*), being an increase of 11 million francs (440,000*l.*) on the expenditure of last year. This increase in the war budgets will still go on; and after 1880 many expenses will be added which have hitherto been allowed to stand over. For instance, the military law decrees that each year two classes of the reserve shall be called out for four weeks' drill. Up to date that law has not been put in execution, and only one class, about 120,000 men, has been called out. From 1880 both classes will be called out, and the increase of expenditure under this head alone will amount to nearly 9 million francs. Extra expenditure will also be caused by the new law ordering bounties to be given to non-commissioned officers who consent to re-engage. The number of men to serve with the colours is fixed this year at 469,310, with 110,799 horses.

As if to prevent anyone forgetting the lessons of the *Princess Alice* collision, the foundering of the *Pomerania* has again brought before us the absolute necessity of providing against similar terrible catastrophes. They will probably increase in number, rather than diminish, in proportion as steam takes the place of sails as a propelling power. In old times ships were not likely to come into violent collision in a fog, for strong winds disperse fogs, and the light breeze which leaves the thick mist hanging over the waves would hardly fill the sails. Although the "rule of the road" at sea may possibly be improved and simplified, no alteration in it will prevent frequent and tremendous loss of life. The real remedy must be sought in a few improvements in the construction of ships, which the late catastrophes have proved to be as necessary as they are simple and inexpensive. We hope to be able to return to the subject shortly, and to show that careful inquiries and prolonged coroners' inquests are less likely to be necessary if only the means which are within the reach of every shipowner, shipbuilder, and insurance company be applied with any unanimity. The present system of so-called watertight bulkheads is simply an imposture, of which the only result is to lull passengers into a fancied security, which is rudely disturbed by the ship being crumpled up at the first opportunity as if she were made of paper.

The following passage, which occurs in "Bannú, or our Afghan Frontier," by S. S. Thorburn, though written in the year 1876, seems to be no less applicable as a caution and a rebuke to a small but noisy body of politicians of the present day:—"The House of Commons, nay, the all-powerful British public itself, are proverbially callous on Indian subjects; and, perhaps, it is well they should be so; for, when their interest is roused in any special case, they, with the omniscience of ignorance, have the effrontery to dictate what ought or ought not to be done, and always cause mischief. Such pernicious interference was attempted during the late Bengal famine, and again in the Baroda poisoning inquiry. In the former case, the home Press caused the expenditure of two or three millions more than was absolutely necessary, and in the latter the issue of fact was prejudged, the Viceroy's action condemned, and the Gaekwar's reinstatement demanded, and all this whilst the Commission was still sitting. If home interest in Indian affairs is to give rise to a system of hasty, unfair, and presumptuous criticism . . . . total unconcern would be preferable, and certainly less mischievous."

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

THE AFGHAN SQUABBLE.

The papers and correspondence respecting the relations between the British Government and that of Afghanistan since the accession of the Ameer Shere Ali Kahn have now been issued, and the public will be enabled to form their own opinion on the subject the two sides of which have been briefly before them in the shape of Lord Cranbrook's despatch of the 18th inst., and a reply from the Duke of Argyll which was addressed to the papers on Thursday last. These two accounts differ materially in the view taken of the subject by the present Government and a late Secretary of State for India under Mr. Gladstone's Administration. Both parties, however, appear to be agreed upon one point. The Duke concludes his letter by the remark that he does not think we can or ought to allow Afghanistan to become in any way subordinate to Russia, and this is also clearly laid down in Lord Cranbrook's despatch. Both sides therefore, confessedly pursued the same aims, and only differed as to the methods to be pursued. The question at issue, therefore, resolves itself into one as to which party has most contributed towards bringing matters to their present pass, and this must be judged by the light thrown upon the acts of each Government by the papers now made public. After quoting existing Treaties between the Indian and Afghan Governments, the papers open with a despatch from Sir Charles Wood, of 28th July, 1863, relative to the countenance to be given to Shere Ali as successor to Dost Mahomed. Shere Ali had announced the death of his father to the Viceroy, but, practically, the orders given to the latter from home were to the effect that whoever could establish his position by force of arms should be recognised by the Government of India as the ruler of Afghanistan. Mahomed Afzul Khan was at the time contesting the throne with Shere Ali in open war; and thus, at the very commencement, strong grounds of dissatisfaction were necessarily given to Shere Ali by the Indian Government, and the tardy recognition of his accession as successor to his father in the following December was probably accorded its full amount of importance. In 1866 Shere Ali was again in trouble, owing to internal dissensions, when the cold reception accorded to his overtures to the Indian Government of Lord Lawrence was not calculated to cement any feelings of goodwill between the two Powers. In 1867, Lord Lawrence recognised Sirdar Mahomed Afzul Khan as Ameer of Cabul and Candahar, when he had temporarily attained the throne by force of arms. Shere Ali was, however, by no means prepared to accept his defeat. Afzul Khan died before the year was out, when his brother Aazam Khan was at once recognised by Lord Lawrence's Government as his successor, the fourth official recognition in four years. These steps were approved by Sir Stafford Northcote's despatch of the 26th December, 1867, in full reliance upon "the prudence" and the "intimate acquaintance with the political condition of Afghanistan" possessed by Lord Lawrence's Government. When, however, in 1868, Shere Ali once more succeeded in recovering his kingdom, Lord Lawrence congratulated him on the event, and expressed a hope that he would "now be able to re-establish and conso-

lidate" his authority; and to this end supplies and arms were furnished to him, by Lord Mayo's Government, at a later date, at which time the relations between the Ameer and the Indian Government appear to have become more decided and friendly in their tone, which feeling was further strengthened by the meeting between Lord Mayo and the Ameer at Umballa on the 27th March, 1869. The policy of Lord Mayo towards the Ameer was however, somewhat checked by the Duke of Argyll in his despatch of the 14th May, 1869, in which the practice of former Governments in India to recognise, not the rightful ruler on account of his right, but any ruler for the time being in power, seems to have been advocated, as it was therein said:—"Her Majesty's Government do not desire that you should immediately follow up the letter already sent by another, since such a proceeding might appear like a change of policy and like a retractation of assurances already given. Her Majesty's Government only desire that, as natural opportunities may arise for further communications with the Ameer, your Excellency should govern the language you may address to him by the views of policy explained in this despatch." No sooner did Lord Salisbury succeed to office than he had occasion to comment on the scantiness of the information received from the Government of India relating to the state of affairs in Afghanistan, and the importance of having a trustworthy agent at Cabul was impressed upon that Government, but Lord Northbrook wrote that he preferred "a steady adherence to the patient and conciliatory policy which has been pursued by the Government of India for many years towards Afghanistan." In reply, Her Majesty's Government observed that the first step in establishing our relations with the Ameer upon a more satisfactory footing would be to induce him to receive a temporary embassy in his capital, but the Government of India still objected to this course. Lord Lytton soon after this succeeded to the Viceroyalty, and he at once endeavoured to put into force the wishes of Government in respect to the relations between Afghanistan and India, with what result is now well known. Matters having reaching their present condition, it is the duty, irrespective of party or politics, for every true British citizen to uphold the Government in their endeavours to bring affairs to a successful issue. The great battle of parties will shortly take place upon the arena at St. Stephen's, and we shall then be in a condition to ascribe its full value to the force of arguments which will be brought to bear, for and against the policies of successive Governments in connection with the affairs of Afghanistan.

THE COMING SESSION.

The announcement that Parliament was to be summoned early in December, in order to consider the present crisis, and for the purpose of voting supplies, was received with profound satisfaction in all classes of society. It would have been far better, and would have saved the Ministry a deal of the bitter language which has been hurled at them by discontented public men, if they had chosen to take the country into their confidence, and had made a clean breast of the whole situation. The instincts and the common sense of the people have, happily, guided them to a right appreciation of the serious question which is before them, and it is a pity that Opposition agitators cannot be made to see that the country is sick of their incessant wrangling and their meaningless and unpatriotic attacks upon Lord Beaconsfield. We had hoped that the publication of the summons to an early meeting of Parliament would have given us breathing time, and that there would have been in consequence, a brief suspension of hostilities; but that was not to be. Mr. Childers, who is nothing if not critical, has thought proper to add his little contribution of information to the general stock of knowledge which has been so freely supplied to us by great authorities. If the country does commit itself and make an egregious blunder, no one can say that it will be for want of advice. We were only waiting for the Duke of Argyll's opinion to make the case complete. We knew that it would come, and now he has joined the noble army of ex-Viceroys and Secretaries of State, and has proved in a letter to *The Times*, quite after their manner, that everything was prospering under the beneficent rule of Whig statesmen, and that if a difficulty has arisen it must be due to some departure from the excellent principles of government which they laid down. Mr. Childers, who is a careful student of blue books, and who is known to the country chiefly because it is his duty to attack the Government Budget once a year, has applied his keenly mathematical mind to the Afghan dispute, and has been able to discover that Lord Northbrook has been misrepresented, and that the policy of masterly inactivity or waiting for events is not the exclusive property of the late Government. Lord Derby and Lord Salisbury in fact, have held similar views. We are aware of this. Lord Derby it is perfectly true, spoke of Afghanistan with the same official reserve that he is accustomed to apply to everything, and would have certainly supported Lord Northbrook in his unfortunate policy of 1873. Lord Salisbury has been described as a man "of hearty unwisdom," so that there is no knowing what he would have done under the circumstances. Perhaps, he would have issued an order for the distribution of large-sized maps amongst timid members of the Indian Council. But the country is profoundly indifferent as to the question who was to blame for the present position of affairs, and is perfectly aware that every Government in office has been guilty of gross negligence in dealing with Indian subjects. Whether the demands which the Ameer of Afghanistan made upon Lord Northbrook were excessive or not, it was our duty then to secure his territory, not for ourselves, but against the advancing Russians. As a matter of fact, all that Shere Ali asked us was to give him a "full and unconditional promise of protection from foreign attack." This is precisely what ought to have been done, but the danger was considered too remote. That danger is now at our door, for, if we do not interfere, Afghanistan will rapidly be absorbed by Russia, and before long an organised and hostile power will have grown up by our side, ever threatening a direct attack upon our dominions. Mr. Childers and the Duke of Argyll strive to make out that our policy has undergone a great change, and they accuse the Government of all kinds of aggressive designs. It is difficult to discuss with patience such trifling with a great and important subject. It is our wish now, just as much as it ever was, to maintain the independence of Afghanistan. All the elaborate arguments of the member for Pontefract and the ex-Secretary of State leave out the pith of the question, namely, the position of Russia. If Russia were not in existence we could afford to leave Shere Ali to do as he liked, but as we do not wish to cut our own throats, we are compelled to take measures that Afghanistan may be, as Mr. Cross very properly said, "really free and really independent." These are

our aggressive designs, this is the sum total of that dreadful policy of "Imperialism" which is so hateful to all true lovers of the constitution. That Afghanistan should, on account of British interests be forced to yield one acre of her lands to be tenanted by British troops, seems to the ardent advocates of freedom and justice a crying shame, but that Russia should take possession bodily of the whole country appears to the same politicians to be ordained from on High.

Shortly however the Liberal party will be able to meet their opponents face to face, and we hope that, for their sakes, and the sake of the country, the debate will be worthy of the occasion. The Ministry cannot be accused of having acted illegally, for the Act of 1858 gives them leave to call out the Indian troops in case of sudden emergency without the previous consent of Parliament. Constitutionally, they are bound in such a case to acquaint Parliament with their proceedings at the earliest possible opportunity, and they have done so. If it can be shown that there has been no necessity for the present war, and that the quarrel might have been arranged satisfactorily in some other way, the Opposition have every right to complain of the conduct of the Government. If however, Lord Hartington approves the measures which have been adopted, he ought to say so, even at the risk of so momentous a disaster as a split of his party. But if the question is to be viewed simply as a party one, the Liberals will be wise in supporting the Government and trying to regain the credit which they have entirely lost. The Government will most probably, in the event of meeting with factious opposition, appeal to the country, and leave the issue in the hands of the electors. The result will be the upholding of the Conservative Government with an increased majority and the utter discomfiture of the Liberal party. The election will be decided purely upon the question of the hour, and really important measures of home interest will be staved off for many years simply from the folly of the Opposition, whose whole conduct seems to be guided by blind and jealous hatred of Lord Beaconsfield. On the other hand, a patriotic line of action during a great national crisis would do much to restore the confidence of the people in their old rulers. If Parliament still survived another year, there is no knowing what might happen, for the fate of Ministers is often sealed in a day. The country at large, however, is not interested in these paltry squabbles. It will support heartily and generously any Government that will undertake to preserve the national honour and interests during a difficult and dangerous time. The people have no fear of Imperialism, and are as ready now, as in any former time, to oppose stoutly and resolutely any interference with their just prerogative. The war into which we have drifted is now a matter of necessity, not of desire, and is being fought to save the country from future troubles and difficulties on a gigantic scale. We are not going to annex Afghanistan, and Liberal leaders are perfectly aware of the fact. We do not even intend to interfere with her independence; but we are not going to allow her to become the property of Russia. We trust that Mr. Gladstone, when he makes his attack upon the Ministry, will remember that Russia is now making its way in the country whose neutrality she promised to respect, and that he will inform us what is his policy under the circumstances. Mere party hits, however eloquent, will fall flat, and excite the indignation of everyone who has the interests of his country at heart. Now that Parliament is about to assemble, and vague agitation is to give way to serious discussion, it is impossible to help feeling that it is not the Cabinet who are on their trial, but the leaders of the Opposition.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

ALEXANDRIA, Nov. 20, 1878.

The *Moniteur Egyptien* has, in two brief lines, announced the appointment of M. de Blignières as Minister of Public Works. When Mr. Rivers-Wilson was selected as Minister of Finance the official journal published the Khedive's decree *in extenso*. This is a trifling detail, so faint a shade, in fact, as to be almost imperceptible to European eyes. But it has been noticed in Egypt, and has affected the more wise and thoughtful of the English colony. As our interest requires that we should work in perfect harmony with France, the most ordinary common sense shows that it is a mistake to rouse very sensitive national susceptibilities about such nonsensical trifles. The French say that Nubar Pacha is too fond of the English. The English reply, not without reason, that he is, at all events, a very clumsy friend. For there can be no doubt that His Excellency has on several occasions shown a great want of tact in his negotiations with the two nationalities. Instead of trying to unite them in one common effort, he might have been attempting to revive the phœnix of Anglo-French rivalry from its ashes. When a Government begins to go mad, a people generally begins to become sensible; and an entire agreement on Egyptian subjects between France and England is now a *fait accompli*. This is proved by the notorious dispute on the subject of the tribunals and the re-election of the president, Lapenna. The latter, of course, was a severe blow to the French, who were, as a further injury, insulted in their own language. The English colony, which had been entirely passive in August last, now joined the French, and the English assessors resigned, as well as those of France and Italy.

The same course will be consistently pursued. Long before our diplomatists informed us of it, our commercial instincts convinced us of the community of interests of the two great western nations in Egypt which is imposed upon them by Eastern affairs. Of course, the French are occasionally suspicious and irritable; but we English are not entirely free from the same faults. It would be wiser not to talk so much about them; if they were less spoken of they would soon cease to exist. As to the Lapenna affair, both colonies unite in inquiring how long this conflict is to last. At no time, in no country, has the existence of a whole judicial system been made to depend upon the tenure of office of one man. And yet that is the present question, and people are trying to find out the secret of the game which is being played between M. Lapenna, Nubar Pacha, and the Khedive. Why should the latter determine to keep the objectionable President in his present position? The continuance of the dispute casts the gravest doubts on Nubar Pacha's administrative ability, as no one can tell what he means and what he is endeavouring to do. If he thinks that he will, by his policy, protect the prerogatives and the secret policy of Ismail Pacha's dynasty, the means he adopts are wrong. It is true that in Lord Salisbury's answer to M. Waddington he spoke of maintaining the dynasty, and the French Minister may, by his silence on the subject, be supposed to have agreed with him. But it would be a great mistake to imagine that the occupation of the vice-regal throne by Ismail and his

descendants is a condition of the agreement between the Western Powers. Ismail has his own fate and that of his dynasty in his hands. If he really intends to act honestly and to place his government and his finances on a satisfactory footing, he must cease to attempt to foment the rivalry of France and England by the traditional system of palace intrigue; and, unless he does so, we can, without much boldness, predict his speedy dethronement.

A SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.

The mass of the English public have, in spite of the information which daily-paper and monthly magazine correspondents and contributors are so ready to impart, but a vague idea as to the real character of our position on the North Western Frontier. As an illustration of this, we would mention a question which was put to us lately by a man of reading and intelligence above the average: "How is it that, while we have forty millions of Mohamedans in the heart of our Empire, who are believed to be at the core rotten in their loyalty, discontented, disaffected, and ever ready to intrigue or rebel against us, there should be tribes on the outskirts of the Empire, naturally more uncivilised and bloodthirsty, unless report belies them, whom yet we hope to win over, and whom we are ready to trust in the impending struggle with our great Northern foe?" It is a question which will suggest itself to many Englishmen to-day, who are ignorant of the constitution of that frontier, and, in the form of the answer to this question, we will essay as briefly as we can a description of this "debateable ground" lying between the Indus and the Suliman range, and separating India from Afghanistan.

Never was happier definition given than that which described it as a "hap-hazard and not a scientific frontier;" but for its hap-hazard and non-scientific character, not the present nor any previous Governor-General, not the present nor any particular Home Administration is responsible. Circumstances have made it what it is; it was never a national or even an ethnical boundary. In the days of Alexander, Afghanistan was as much Indian as the Punjab; under the Seleucidæ, the Punjab was Greco-Bactrian no less than Afghanistan. Then came centuries when Hindostan was an appanage of the Afghan empire; then centuries more when Afghanistan became a province of the great Mogul at Delhi, this intervening tract being ever merged into the greater Empire, North or South. Its frontier character dates only from the beginning of the last century. When the Mogul Empire began to crumble away, Cabul first and then Lahore became the capitals of two independent States; then began the struggle for this intermediate tract. In ancestral affinity with the Afghan, and in natural contiguity with the Sikh, it became the object of many a campaign, the scene of many a battle, annexed alternately by Afghan or Sikh, as one or the other was strong enough to seize and hold it. Eventually the old "Lion of the Punjab" became stronger than the Ameer of Cabul, and, when Runjeet Singh died, Peshawur and the Derajat formed parts of the Punjab Kingdom. By the issue of the Punjab Campaign of 1848-49 we succeeded to that kingdom, and to this boundary with all its defects. It is part of our inheritance from Runjeet Singh. We accepted it as we found it, and have endeavoured to make the best of it. How far we have succeeded remains to be shown.

A few words as to the name of this mountain barrier. It is generally spoken of as the *Afghan* Frontier; but we would advisedly adopt the less common but more exact designation of the *Pathan* Frontier; for the very name is full of significance, solving what might otherwise be almost an enigma, and explaining a seeming paradox. The term Afghan, whatever its derivation (which indeed is very doubtful) is of comparatively recent date, Shemite in its origin, and to be traced to the invading Moslem of the 11th century. On the other hand, Pathán is a relic of antiquity; it is a corruption of the *Pushtan* or *Pukhtan*, the speaker of the *Pushtoo* or *Pukhtoo* language, now acknowledged to be a branch of the great Aryan family. Thus in the name Pathán we may recognise the "skin clad *Paktu*" of Herodotus, as in his day and even before his time occupying the border tract to the North of Ind. Other reasons there are of a more practical character which recommend the use of this term in preference to the other, and which show that the two are not strictly synonymous. Applied to this frontier, the term "Afghan" is extrinsic in its meaning, suggesting a barrier against the formidable and suspected neighbour state beyond; while "Pathán" describes it intrinsically as comprising tribes which are offshoots from a common stock still more or less connected by language with the region from which they sprang, yet having a history of their own almost as independent as their characters.

The tract may be thus described:—Taking Peshawur as a starting point, it stretches thence eastward to the Indus, some fifty miles or more; then westward and southward, if we include the more recent annexation of Scinde, some eight hundred miles. Of this narrow tract, lying between the Indus and the Suliman range, all the low land comes within our frontier line, while the barren hill sides beyond are the proud but poor inheritance of these independent pastoral tribes, and all to the west of the mountain ranges is subject to Cabul. Under native governments each tribe was left to defend itself; hence every village is a fort. The State under which they held, whether Afghan, Mogul, or Sikh, never interfered in their tribal feuds, or troubled itself about them so long as the revenue was ready for the annual promenade of troops sent round to collect it. Under English rule, their subject, or rather dependent position was supposed to demand defence and protection at the hands of the State. To exercise this control effectually forts or outposts were erected along the whole length, from three to ten miles apart, to command the most important outlets by which the marauding hill tribes could pour down upon our border; and the whole line was connected by a military road, constantly patrolled by the regular troops or by local militia, requiring a force of some 12,000 of all arms, commonly known as the Punjáb Frontier Force. At the larger passes, through which the mountain kafilas found ingress into our territory, and where a more formidable invading force might enter, the stronger forts erected by the Sikhs or Afghans of previous *rajs* were greatly strengthened.

Before describing the several tribes which comprised this frontier, we may glance at their general character. Pastoral in their habits, they are singularly devoid of that simplicity of character which is generally associated with pastoral life. If not born thieves, in their very infancy they pass through an initiatory rite emblematic of that marauding character for which they are noted, and for which their training from infancy fits them. Although this mountain range has only four principal passes, by which an army could wend its way

into the inhospitable region of Afghanistan, there are many lesser roads, through narrow gorges and down steep ravines, by which merchants from Cabul and Ghuzni and Central Asia can lead their strings of camels, laden with skins, woollen fabrics, and fruits, into the markets of Hindostan; and these passes are a source of no little gain to the tribes holding the adjacent heights which command them; for though not levying any systematic transit dues, they exact black mail with no gentle hand, and woe betide the merchant who ventures to thread one of their mountain gorges without a pass from its Afghan Roderick Dhu or an escort from the tribe, for which he must pay a goodly sum. Nor do these hill robbers confine their marauding raids to the merchant wayfarer. Many a village in the plains, lying dangerously near their mountain fastnesses, is sacked, and the surrounding crops and herds carried off, unless the good will of the tribe be bought by a regular subsidy from its more powerful neighbour; even the scantily supplied treasury of the Ameer of Cabul is largely drawn upon every year to satisfy the greed of the more western of these mountain thieves; while it must be admitted that month by month the Peshawur Civil Paymaster remits subsidies by which our own neighbours on this side are kept in good humour. Happily for us, mutual suspicion and tribal strife render combination among these dangerous neighbours almost impossible; their consequent isolation is to us a source of comparative safety, if not strength.

Now, it cannot be denied that the thirty years of English rule on this frontier, so different, we may without presumption boast, from any that had preceded it, is already bearing fruit. We have not civilised, perhaps, but we have softened these half savage mountaineers; we have elicited from among them a feeling which Afghan and Sikh alike failed to extort; it may not be universal, and may exist in very different degrees; yet is it sufficient to be in all an appreciable quantity, and it is a very important integer in the calculations of the day, that they, independent alike of the Ameer and "the Empress," are not disinclined to stand on the side of the Feringhee and the Kafir against their own congeners and co-religionists.

(To be continued.)

OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER, AND THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

II.

The claim of Owens College to the rank and privileges of a University leads very naturally to the discussion of the general question whether it is desirable that the number of Universities shall be increased. If by University we mean an institution in which the highest education is afforded in the various faculties of knowledge, no limit can be reasonably assigned to the multiplication of such bodies. But if by University we mean a degree-conferring body, and if a degree is to be regarded as a certificate of proficiency in any one department of knowledge, the question cannot so readily be answered; and most of the arguments commonly brought forward in favour of the establishment of educational centres in various localities are no longer applicable to the case under consideration. We have already pointed out that the modern college is, in all respects except one, the closest approximation to the University of former times; and nothing can be more satisfactory to those who wish to see an extension of University education than the considerable increase during the last few years in the number of first-class colleges. Owens College itself is an example of the fact that a teaching body may continue to flourish whilst fulfilling all the functions of a University except that of conferring degrees; and, certainly, if the literary and scientific attainments of its professorial staff, if the number of its students and the value of its foundations could confer on any teaching body the right of granting degrees, no institution could put forth a claim to the exercise of this function with greater reason than the College at Manchester. But the usefulness of such a body does not depend on the exercise of this particular privilege, as is conclusively shown by a comparison of the Owens College in its present flourishing condition with the University of Durham. A college will attract students according to the reputation of its professors and the character of the education it affords; and no college can reasonably justify its claim to the privilege of granting degrees on the ground that the possession of that power would tend to increase the number of its students.

What we have to consider, therefore, is whether it is for the public good that the number of degree-conferring bodies shall be increased, and whether it is desirable that the teaching and examining bodies shall be separated or united. Now, there can be no doubt that, if a University degree is to continue to be regarded as a certificate of proficiency, it is essential that it should have, as far as practicable, a definite and precise signification. This would be scarcely possible if every teaching body of equal pretensions with Owens College should have the power of granting degrees to its own students. As instruments of education, examinations are of most value when conducted almost exclusively by the teachers themselves; but when an examination is intended to serve as a qualifying test, and to enable the public to institute a comparison between the attainments of pupils taught under different systems, an examination is most satisfactory when conducted and prescribed by competent authorities other than those who have been engaged in the instruction of the candidates. This two-fold purpose of an examination is not always kept in view, and it is sometimes assumed that the same kind of examination which the teacher employs to test the progress of his pupils and the success of his own method of instruction is also best adapted to the gauging of a candidate's qualification for a recognised degree. But this is not the case. An examination conducted by a competent external authority has the double advantage of testing the teacher as well as the student; and, although it may be that the teacher's freedom is to some extent restricted by the requirements of the examination, there can be no doubt that the necessary conformity to an outward standard is attended with some advantages, as it serves to correct any narrowness of view on the part of the teacher, and to prevent his too exclusive devotion to his own particular hobbies. All depends on the nature of the external standard. But, where the requirements for a general examination are carefully considered by those who are most competent to form a judgment on the subject, it is probable that the course of study thus prescribed will be at least as good as any which the professors of a particular school may elaborate. In the lower grades of education the advantages of external standards of reference are duly recognised; and the existing system of inspection of primary schools, the proposals of Mr. Forster with regard to middle-class schools, and the action of the Universities on secondary schools, are all distinct recognitions of the importance of this principle.

In considering the claim put forward by the Owens College we cannot overlook the fact that many other institutions

might urge a similar claim with nearly equal reason. No valid argument can be adduced in favour of granting a charter to Owens College, Manchester, which would not apply equally to University College, or to King's College, London. Moreover, there exist several other educational institutions in different parts of England which are now passing through the same phase of progress as that out of which Owens College has but recently emerged. Ten years hence, a number of similar institutions may possess all the necessary qualifications for being incorporated as Universities; and if once the principle is conceded that successful teaching institutions shall be entitled to the power of conferring University degrees, it will be impossible to impose any limit on the number of such bodies. A University degree as a distinctive title would then cease to have the same value as we now associate with it; and no University would derive any advantage whatever from the power of conferring it. If, therefore, we do not desire to return to the old order of things in which the degree was an unimportant incident in a University education, it would seem advisable to restrict rather than to extend the power of conferring University titles. Every college is free to grant certificates[1] or prizes to the successful students on the results of its own examinations; and these certificates[2] will have the same value as was formerly attached to a University degree. But a degree has now come to mean something essentially different from this; and we cannot avoid the conclusion that any measure which would indirectly lead to the identification of such certificates with what is now generally understood by a degree would be a step backwards rather than forwards in the course of University education. Some of the special grounds on which Owens College rests its claim will be considered in a concluding article.

[1] The 29th clause of the Memorial of the Owens College, Manchester, states: "Students who have attended the College regularly for at least three years, and have graduated at a University or passed a special examination, are eligible for the Associateship of the College. Of these Associates there are now about one hundred."

[2] "Experience has shown that almost all duly qualified students seek the title (accompanied by few external advantages) of Associates of Owens College."

(To be continued.)

TRADE AND FINANCE.

THE PRESENT CRISIS AND THE DEPRECIATION OF SILVER.

Silver seems to be just now in the position of a poor relation whom everybody is trying to shake off. The Latin Convention has decided not to coin any silver for five years, making an exception only in the case of Italy, where the prevalence of a forced currency, including even one-lire notes, renders the amount of coinage unimportant. Germany is doing all she can to avoid the dire necessity of coining an extra two-and-a-half marks per head for her population. Austria alone in Europe sees in the depreciation of silver her opportunity for making some kind of resumption of specie payments, but even she is setting about it in a half-hearted and unofficial manner. America, actuated by a desire to utilise her great stores of silver, and impelled thereto by the mine proprietors, has made a semi-successful attempt at a silver standard; and even India, the great stronghold of a silver currency, is reported to be contemplating seriously the adoption of a gold *étalon*. Holland, formerly faithful to the now despised metal, took fright at the first great fall, and dropped silver as rapidly as if it were red-hot. Roughly speaking, the price of silver, at present, is about 20 per cent. less than what used to be considered its normal value, and the existing quotation is not quite the lowest that has been reached. In point of fact, silver has ceased to be a standard of value, and has become an article of merchandise, and a mere commodity.

The Californian and Australian gold discoveries, by largely increasing the circulating medium, gave, at the time, a forcible impetus to trade and commercial enterprise; and the currency of the world, consisting of gold and silver in about equal proportions, supported with ease the enormous creations of loans on behalf of Governments, States, and Companies. The finding of considerable stores of silver in the American mines caused the first fall of that metal; and, no new supplies of gold being forthcoming beyond those already known and in working order, the rarer metal appreciated, and the more abundant one depreciated. Practically, silver has become so generally proscribed that, with the exception of India, there is no absolutely free coinage of that metal anywhere. The depression of trade throughout the world may be largely ascribed to this cause. For instance, the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank was brought about by the majority of those to whom it had recklessly granted credits being engaged in the Indian trade, and the heavy losses in the Indian trade have been chiefly the result of the ruling of a low exchange, which condition of affairs has, again, been brought about by the depreciation of silver. Exports of produce of all kinds from India and China, encouraged by the cheapness of returns in rupees, glut our markets with superabundant supplies. Each successive arrival costs less to the importer, and presses heavily upon already weakened markets. The consequence is, and till a remedy is found must continue to be, a retrogression in all branches of industry. Trade, erstwhile leaning on the two crutches of gold and silver, finds one of its supports knocked from under it, and is crippled in consequence. It is, therefore, likely to go haltingly for the immediate future. All high-priced securities must rise in value, and the ruling rate for money must be considerably appreciated. There is not sufficient gold in existence for the due carrying on of the commerce and finance of the world, and a scarcity of the circulating medium means an increase in its value, which has the same effect as a depreciation of all kinds of property. This process is gradually undermining the stability and worth of even the most esteemed securities. One feature of this silver crisis has not as yet been pointed out. It is quite possible for any enterprising "smasher" to make silver coins of the exact actual intrinsic value of those in circulation, and to realise an enormous profit on the transaction. The act would, no doubt, be illegal, but the silver coins at present in use in this and other countries are merely tokens, their cost and realisable value being far below that which they legally pass for. The great countries of the world should recognise the fact that silver must form a large subsidiary circulating medium, and that its depreciation brings with it, amongst other evils, an ever-increasing temptation to the forger. Germany is still flooding the markets with the rejected and despised metal, and selling it to us, for transmission to our Indian possessions, in exchange for the gold which Australia and California send us in payment of our merchandise. Till Germany has finished her operation, or has decided, as seems to us most desirable

even in her own interest, to arrest the demonetisation and utilise her existing supplies of silver for internal purposes, an amelioration of the state of affairs is impossible. As regards India, we have not much faith either in the practicability or the propriety of adopting a gold standard. Such a proceeding as the discarding of silver would resemble nothing so much as the un-English practice of kicking a man when he is down, and would entail an enormous drainage of gold from Europe, without the prospect of its place being supplied from the declining stores of Australia and California. Besides, experience has shown that the only currency suitable for a large and poor population, such as that of India, is a silver currency. Where wages are low, and wealth distributed over a large area, the prevalence of a gold standard would cause much inconvenience. The trade with China, where a silver currency prevails, would suffer in a great degree by this proposed change. The man who shall find a solution to this burning financial question of the day, and shall propose a practical scheme for the rehabilitation of silver, will confer far greater benefit upon society than the proverbial personage whose efforts are directed to making two blades of grass grow in place of a solitary specimen.

Smith, Fleming, and Co.—The report of the meeting of creditors of Smith, Fleming, and Co., held on Wednesday last, is fraught with valuable lessons. In the summer of 1870 this firm found itself confronted with losses to the extent of 263,000*l.* through the failure of their Liverpool house, coincidentally with losses of their own making, to the extent of 90,000*l.* more. They had what the French would call *un bon mouvement*. They decided upon suspending payment, and thus saving much of their creditors' present loss. But the directors of the Glasgow Bank, who were already under advances to them to the extent of 148,000*l.*, pressed them to continue their trading, and, unsolicited, offered them large assistance by acceptances. This was eagerly accepted, much as drowning men catch at straws, and with the most disastrous results—their trading since 1871, when they had a brief interval of prosperity, resulted in a further loss of 900,000*l.*, and their wounded credit never recovered its strength. The picture, drawn by Mr. Fleming himself, of a firm struggling on in the vain hope of retrieving an irretrievable position, and only sinking deeper into the mire, is a most painful one. It is curious to note that the bad debts are, for the most part, due from the firms who were also supported by that admirably-managed institution, the City of Glasgow Bank, who seem to have devoted themselves to propping up decayed houses on paper pedestals. Even in June last, when Messrs. Smith, Fleming, and Co.'s accounts showed a balance of a million-and-a-half sterling to the bad, the late manager of the Glasgow Bank persuaded them to continue. The one favourable feature of the report is the gradual diminution of the partners' personal expenditure, but this is balanced by a hearsay statement, which we hope is unfounded, that Mrs. Fleming's settlement amounts to 150,000*l.* It is too late in the day to preach a sermon concerning the impropriety of any person who takes credit from the public holding shares in any unlimited concern, and thus undertaking responsibilities, unknown to his creditors, which involve the whole of his fortune.

Clergy Co-operative Association.—A long advertisement has appeared in most of the daily and weekly papers, which professes to be only an abridged prospectus of the "Clergy Co-operative Association." The list of directors contains a number of names which are better known in connection with Convocation and charitable subscriptions than with financial schemes; in fact, we can hardly be wrong in supposing that the great majority of the eminent men and highly respectable divines who have allowed their names to be printed, either as members of the board or as approving the scheme, are not particularly well acquainted with the labyrinths of finance and the ease with which persons not possessing the clue are lost in them for ever. For the sting of the "abridged prospectus" lies in its tail. It appears that, fired by the success of certain co-operative stores, and undeterred by the collapse of several other similar institutions, the eminent journalist who possesses and edits one society paper, whilst he is said to have shares in many other ventures, has determined to create a clerical association of which the immediate profits will not improbably accrue to himself, while the prospective ones will, perhaps, go to enrich poor curates, if they are not entirely illusory. For it is no secret that the courageous ex-M.P. for Middlesex has not been so successful in his theatrical as in his journalistic ventures, and that the Queen's Theatre has long been waiting for a tenant who has now, it appears, been found in the shape of an innocent, and, we think, at present thoroughly solvent body of Churchmen. We hope they may long continue so.

THE EXAMINER'S LETTER BOX.

WANTED, A SATIRIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

My Dear Mr. Examiner: In a place which I need not name the wail of your paper has not only reached me, but has awakened the memories of a hundred years ago. For the benefit of the coming man, permit me to point out that in those somewhat fleshly days Society was in a parlous state—almost as corrupt, I fear, as yours is at present. But the Satirist was present, and this is a specimen of the manner in which I wielded the lash. Let your satirist read my "Rosciad," and see if he can imitate the style:—

So, Yates! without the least finesse of art,
He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part:
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "hark'ee, hark'ee," grates the ear!

* * * *

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
When nature's coarsest features we behold;
When, destitute of every decent grace,
Unmannered jests are blurted in your face;
Then Yates, with justice, strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life;
When, blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage by way of gentleman;
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dressed in Clincher's clothes.
Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laughed at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

I once wrote to Wilkes that "I feared the d—— aristocracy is gaining ground in this country." Judging from the information I occasionally get in my present abode, things seem to have altered, but not for the better.—Yours in sorrow,

Poor Churchill's Ghost.

P.S.—Jack Wilkes is with me here.

THE EXAMINER.

A SYMPHONY IN BRONZE.

Mr. Whistler has gained a victory which bears a very striking resemblance to a defeat. The special jury has found a verdict for him in his action against Mr. Ruskin, and has awarded him what must be considered, under the circumstances, very substantial damages—one farthing, which, by a liberal estimate, may be accepted as somewhere about the artistic value of those remarkable splashings from a paint pot which he chooses to regard as pictures. The most extraordinary feature in the trial was that Mr. Whistler should have considered it worth while to bring an action against a gentleman of Mr. Ruskin's position in the world of art; for, from the first, the only question which has been agitating the minds of those interested in the subject was whether the jury would return a nominal or a practical verdict for the defendant, a genuine decision on the plaintiff's behalf never having been looked on as possible. No doubt, Mr. Ruskin's language was strong. Such an epithet as "coxcomb," such phrases as "wilful imposture" and "cockney impudence," are, in ordinary cases, of the sort which are likely to set the jury seriously considering the question of damages from a pounds, shillings, and pence point of view. But this was an exceptional business. To dilate upon Mr. Ruskin's unimpeachable integrity, the earnestness with which he has steadily pursued his art, and his keen appreciation of what is true and beautiful, would be to the last degree unnecessary; and, when Mr. Serjeant Parry thought proper to speak of the Slade professor as a writer who "must not be allowed to trade in libel," he only showed to what desperate expedients he was forced to resort to avoid a well nigh inevitable defeat. Of the same nature was the Serjeant's reference to Mr. Whistler as a "comparatively struggling young man," when it had been proved that for a work which he "knocked off" in one day and touched up on another he received the honorarium of 200*l*. If this be Mr. Serjeant Parry's idea of a struggling young man, it would be interesting to know what kind of people he admits to be tolerably well off, and how far the Rothschilds fall short of possessing a moderate income. Whatever the jury may have thought concerning the strength of Mr. Ruskin's well-expressed indignation, however, the sight of a few Nocturnes and Arrangements appears to have decided the question, as Serjeant Parry evidently feared would be the case when he deprecated the introduction of any single picture in Court, and wished the jury to form an opinion from a judicious selection of Mr. Whistler's works collected at an hotel—works, it must be borne in mind, about which Mr. Ruskin had expressed no sort of opinion, and which were in no sense the basis of the complaint.

Mr. Whistler has declared that in his strangely-named examples of paint-splashing and scraping he conscientiously forms an idea and conscientiously works it out; and hereby the public estimate of these productions is corrected. The general notion has been that Mr. Whistler, cunningly perceiving how much a silly portion of the world nowadays is given to the worship of the Incomprehensible, and to profess enthusiastic admiration for æstheticism upside down, had taken advantage of the craze and produced a series of pictorial jokes—exceedingly bad ones from an artistic standpoint, but remunerative in inverse proportion to their merit. For the extravagant school has its representatives in many arts. We have poets who write verses the meaning of which few profess to understand and none dare attempt to explain. There are musicians to match, who believe that, because they have not wit to comprehend nor patience to follow the art of which Beethoven and Mozart were students, it must be their genius that is driving them into devious by-ways where discord reigns supreme, and ignorance of harmony is supposed to show an original mind. This school has its critics, moreover, some of whom attain an eminence of imbecility to the dizzy heights of which even their idols do not reach. Anyone who wishes to see sheer unadulterated nonsense in the garb of profundity in its richest and fullest development cannot do better than read some of Mr. Pater's criticisms—that, for instance, on Charles Lamb, who has suffered much from the hands of hack writers and penny-a-lining scribes, but has probably at no previous time been so abominably treated as by this mysterious compiler of incoherent sentences and semi-detached ideas. A musician is not elevated in his art by being called a tone-poet, nor is a picture improved in value when it is termed a "Harmony in Blue," a "Symphony in Red," or a "Polka-Mazurka in Tartan Plaid." It is against the grotesque school, which has made some way in society among the half-educated, that Mr. Ruskin lifted up his voice and employed his powerful pen. It may not, indeed, matter very much if young men with flowing locks, and middle-aged young ladies, combine together to admire poetry and paintings, for the simple reason that they fail to understand what the verses mean, or what the pictures represent, or what the critics think they wish to imply by their explanations. The story has already been told of a witty musician who was at Bayreuth when Herr Wagner's trilogy was being represented, and who, playing portions of the work to some hardened devotees, made a series of mistakes, and dashed down vague chords and discords as a sort of humorous acknowledgment that he was in a muddle; whereupon the ladies redoubled their exclamations of delight, and declared that the intense beauty and marvellous power of placing the whole scene before the mind's eye became more and more unmistakeable each time they heard Herr Wagner's exquisite composition.

Had Mr. Whistler not given so many proofs in former days that he possesses real artistic perception, as well as the faculty of execution, his solemn protest that his Grosvenor Gallery comicalities were really meant for works of art would be less surprising. But he has shown exceptional ability; and this makes the production of such affairs as those which Mr. Ruskin condemned so justly—if, possibly, with here and there a rather too vigorons phrase—more lamentable. If the discussion which the trial will raise would direct the public taste into purer and nobler channels, Mr. Ruskin would have no cause to regret the action, and might rejoice in the knowledge that his portion of the expense was well laid out. But the great principles of supply and demand rule the pictorial as they rule every other market. So long as "a comparatively struggling young man" can "knock off" a harmony in a day, and sell it for 200*l*., it is scarcely to be expected that he will follow the example of such artists as Sir Frederick Leighton, M. Alma Tadema, and others, who spend many weeks of anxious thought and diligent labour over a picture. Mr. Whistler's friends will not, of course, agree with the general opinion that the farthing which Mr. Ruskin is to pay him is a generous, if not an absolutely exorbitant award. Nothing is more evident than that the school of which Mr.

Whistler is a species of priest is not to be convinced by common sense. The wealthy students will doubtless demand more harmonies and symphonies, and Mr. Whistler will gratify his admirers by "knocking off" such contrivances until Mr. Ruskin's generous teachings are better appreciated, the public taste strengthened and refined, and æstheticism has become a matter which people not only talk about copiously, but understand.

COURTS MARTIAL.

(FROM OUR MILITARY CONTRIBUTOR.)

The ways of the law are most mysterious, and none are sufficiently skilled in prophesy to anticipate the ending of any thing that comes within its ramifications. When, either as plaintiff or defendant in a civil action, you fondly imagine that the verdict is sure to be in your favour; when both your counsel and solicitor agree that it is an impossibility to lose the case, and you mentally congratulate yourself, perhaps even mingling gratulation with a shade of pity for your adversary, you are as often as not recalled to your senses by the startling decision of the twelve intelligent gentlemen who have been assembled to weigh the evidence on both sides, and who with a perversity quite unaccountable, have recorded their opinion in direct contradiction to your preconceived notion. Certainly, there is still another chance left, provided you "put money in thy purse." You can in most cases appeal up to "the Lords;" but, as it is a costly proceeding, and by no means a certainty that by so doing the adverse verdict will be overruled, it is best to let matters remain where they are, and forego for the future the pleasant little tête-à-têtes you were wont to have with your solicitor. The same applies to criminal proceedings save the appeal; it rests on the hazard of a die which way things may turn out—whether, if the prisoner, you are granted an eligible furnished apartment on a seven years lease gratis, or permitted to leave the Court without a stain on your character, notwithstanding that every one connected with the prosecution has during the period of the trial done their utmost to prove that a worse blackguard than yourself could not be found.

Now, it is universally acknowledged by those who know anything of the subject that military law is much simpler, and from its simplicity much fairer than any other kind of legislation. A certain number of officers are assembled to form a Court Martial. A president is detailed; his rank as well as the number of officers required being dependent on its nature, whether general, district, or regimental. The prisoner is warned, and a prosecutor is told off, who calls and examines the various witnesses in the case. The prisoner can cross-examine a witness on any evidence he has given, and is allowed to have his friend or legal adviser in court; but no question is allowed to be put by the friend himself; he may only advise the prisoner what to ask. The Court having been sworn, proceed to take the evidence of the case, which is recorded in writing, together with the cross-examination, and any statement made by the prisoner or his witnesses for the defence. At the close of the trial the president takes the votes of the members as to the guilt of the prisoner. If Guilty is the verdict the same system is again carried out with regard to the sentence, the Court having previously taken the evidence of the prosecutor as to character. So far so good. Now comes the weak point of the whole. The proceedings have to be confirmed by a senior officer, whether it be the Commander-in-Chief, the General commanding the district, or the Officer commanding the regiment. Without such confirmation, the sentence can neither be promulgated nor carried into effect, and it is within the province of that officer to remit the whole or any part of the sentence, or to direct the Court Martial to reassemble and reconsider their verdict. It may be well asked what is the use of the Court at all, if such power is given to the confirming officer? Two heads are better than one is an old saying; and by arithmetical progression, one would imagine four must be better than two, and eight than four. But, in this strange anomaly, it seems that one is considered better than any number, and *one*, moreover, who has not even seen the prisoner or heard the evidence, all his information being derived from the written report of the proceedings. Surely, if a body of officers, all of a certain standing in the army, after mature consideration come to a definite conclusion, it is, to use the mildest term, unnecessary that one single individual should have the power of stultifying their finding, swayed as he often is by outside motives of compassion, conceit, or, shall it be whispered—by his wife. Yet so it is, and very curious cases have arisen from this cause. It has happened that in the same station a major and brevet colonel was senior to the colonel of his regiment by virtue of his brevet, and consequently commanded the garrison. On regimental parade the major's life was otherwise than pleasant, but he retaliated when he had his colonel under him on brigade days, and no Court Martial sent to him from his own regiment for confirmation met with his approval. There were continued reprisals from each in turn, until they were separated by one of them obtaining a staff appointment. Another case may be cited which occurred not long ago. A non-commissioned officer was found guilty by a Court Martial, and sentenced to be reduced to the ranks. The general officer refused to confirm the sentence, and ordered the Court to reassemble and reconsider their verdict. They did so, and respectfully adhered to their former decision. On reference to Head Quarters the whole matter was "quashed" and the man acquitted. On the finding of either the one side or the other we do not presume to comment; but what must strike anybody, be they Civilian or Soldier, is the utter waste of time in assembling a Court Martial when the verdict of the Court may be nullified in this manner. That evidence must be taken we admit, but it seems that some radical change is required in the method of determining the punishment. Either the sentence of the Court should be final, or subject to the censorship of the Commander-in-Chief alone; or, a Court Martial should be assembled only for the purpose of collecting evidence, and like a jury, giving a verdict of guilty or otherwise, leaving it to the confirming officer as a judge, to pass sentence on the prisoner. We have known it said, "It is no use giving a man what he deserves, *Mrs. General* will only let him off;" and unfortunately, those who made the remark knew too well what they were talking about. Clemency is all very well, but it may be carried too far, and nine-tenths of the men who are brought before a Court Martial richly deserve any punishment that may be awarded. They have the fairest trial possible, and it is out of reason that the members of the Court should in their turn be judged by one man, whatever his rank in the army may be. It is almost sure to result in the old story that too many cooks spoil the broth, and it is a noteworthy fact that, where *Mrs. General* is in command, the numbers of Courts Martial are very large, as men who, at other times, would not dare to "stand" a Court Martial, are tempted to do so when they think they are likely to come off cheap.

THE LITERATURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

I.

"Inspirational" Poetry and "Post Mortem" Fiction.

It has been suggested by no less (or no greater) an authority than Sir John Lubbock that the earliest ideas of Religion are distinctly traceable to what doctors call dyspepsia, and ordinary people indigestion. During the violent nightmares following a feast of "roasted enemy," our progenitors first saw hideous shapes in dreams, and hence began to suppose that there was a spiritual world surrounding this one, peopled by those pale ghosts of whom even Lucretius himself condescended to give us a glimpse, in his picture of the twilight region of Orcus:—

> Quo neque permanent animae, neque corpora nostra,
> Sed quaedam simulacra modo pallentia miris.

Sir John's playful and easy explanation of the great question of the genesis of religious impressions is, of course, only worthy of the young pundits of the *Fortnightly Review*, wits who spell God with a small g, and gladly exchange the poetry of the Old Testament for Holbach's "System of Nature." One of the many answers to the explanation is the simple one that indigestion is a complaint more likely to assail a city banker than a primæval savage. Primitive man, even when he outdid himself cannibalistically, in all probability slept soundly, in supreme defiance of the nightmare. But, although we are compelled to reject Sir John's theory as an account of the dim beginnings of natural piety, we hail it thankfully as supplying a clue to the origin of at least two-thirds of historical apparitions, from the Dœmon of Socrates downwards. Certainly, a large number of ghosts are due to over-eating or over-drinking. "A slight disorder of the stomach," said Mr. Scrooge to the grim ghost of Marley, "makes the senses cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potatoe!" It would be curious indeed to inquire how far excess in eating and drinking has been a factor in the formation of the phantom-world. Hunger and whiskey combined must have created in many Highland Seers the startling phenomena of second sight. Most Irish stories of the "fetches" positively reek of *delirium tremens*. Indeed, it would require the art of a Cruikshank to depict the horrors which imagination can body forth under temporary derangements of the sensory apparatus. But it is in the region of what is known as Spiritualism, in that dark morass where the sad moonshine gleams vapidly through an eternal intellectual fog, that we find Sir John Lubbock's cynical suggestion most useful as a light and a guide. How else explain the existence of apparitions which bear the same relation to respectable, Godfearing—we had almost said church-going—phantoms, that pickled pork and peas pudding do to wholesome food?

In a spirit of penitence, clad in literary sackcloth and ashes, we have recently been going through a course of spiritualistic literature; and now, at its conclusion, we feel almost as dyspeptic as Schiller's "Ghost Seer" himself, and ready to believe in any hobgoblin the imminent festivities of Christmas may devise. If the result is chiefly interesting to our local medical practitioner, the spirits are not to blame; for we have really been most liberally entertained. We now purpose to retail to our readers some of the entertainment we have been taking wholesale. Out of a superfluity of fine things, it is difficult to pick a sample, but we believe we shall not go far wrong if we select a little work which might fairly be entitled "the Spiritualist's Vade Mecum," but which appears with the less pretentious but more touching title of *Rifts in the Veil*. It is published, we believe, at the office of the *Spiritualist* newspaper; it is sumptuously got up, we presume under spiritual superintendence; and it is, as the titlepage sets forth, "a collection of inspirational poems and essays given through various forms of mediumship, also of poems and essays by spiritualists." A passing examination of some of these "inspirational" productions may lead us to discover the true nature of the "inspiration" specified, and may enable us to decide if, after all, the theory of dyspepsia is admissible.

"In the highest forms of inspiration," begins the preface, "the communicating spirit is supposed to give to the medium in a supersensuous state the highest ideas he can then assimilate; presumably, these ideas then flow from the lips of the sensitive, but necessarily somewhat dwarfed and warped by the channel through which they pass, and by the limited powers of the mortal intellects to whose receptive capacity they have to be lowered and adapted. The trance poems given in this book," it is added, "were, in the majority of cases, taken down in shorthand from the lips of the sensitives, as the words were uttered." The first specimen of a "trance" poem—which must by no means be confounded with a poem really "entrancing"—is a splendid utterance by a certain Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, "now the head of a religious community in America." It is in blank verse, verse so blank in its vague magnificence that it makes us feel tenfold "the limited power of the mortal intellect to whose receptive capacity" it has to be "lowered." Here and there it reminds us of Tupper at his highest; more than once it soars to the empyrean of eloquence occupied by the *Rock* newspaper. Take the concluding passage:—

> God alone is great.
> He is the primal splendour who illumes
> The full-orbed intellect; He gave the power
> To plan and execute; the work is His,
> Its faults grew from our creature finiteness.
> Would it (*i.e.*, the poem) were worthier of its origin.
> 'Tis but a wandering Voice, the harbinger
> Of a great poem that, Messiah-like,
> Shall tread down evil with its feet of fire,
> And clasp all sufferers to its heart of love
> The latchets of whose shoes it may not loose.
> Five years will lead their swift revolving dance
> In choral music round the brightening world,
> Before that Poem shall unfold its form,
> And we will make the Medium worthy it,
> And give it as his spiritual powers
> Wake from their slumber. For the time, farewell.

An unbeliever might wonder why a "heart of love" should wear "shoes" with "latchets," and an unregenerate Fortnightly Reviewer might assert that a Medium "worthy" of such a poem might readily be found in the platitudinous person of Mr. Chadband. But we are not so ill-disposed. What we like about such poetry is its soothing flow, so easy to follow, so innocent of vulgar mystery. So far, there is no trace of the blue devils, no suspicion of dyspepsia. Ridge's "Food for Infants" is not milder than Mr. Harris's trance poem—so much as we have yet quoted of it. But Mr. Harris does not always remain on the ground; he can soar when he likes. In another specimen of his Muse, entitled "The Translation of Shelley to the Higher Life," he is simply gorgeous in his cloud-compelling flights. Here, through Mr. Harris's trance mediumship, Shelley himself describes his death by drowning:—

> We had gone forth, my friend and I, beguiled
> By summer air and sunshine, and low tones
> Of music from the crisped and crested sea.
> A white flaw struck our barque, and she went down.

A gurgling, bubbling sound was in my ears.
White armed I clipt with sinewy stroke the waves,
Sank, rose again and sank, and rose and saw
Returning smiles of sunshine on the sea,
Then left my languid form upon the deep,
Borne by its tides and rocking to their swell.

It is quite useless to object to trifling inaccuracies of fact, such as the statement that Shelley and Williams, on that memorable day, were "beguiled by summer air and sunshine." It has been again and again explained by spiritualists that Spirits, like mortal creatures, are perilously given to lying. All we need remark here is the perfectly Shelleyan movement of this fine fragment. "The thought," says Mr. Harris, "was his (*i.e.*, Shelley's), the thought's word-clothing mine." So perfectly is the nude thought covered, however, that few readers will suspect the existence of any thought at all.

There are more of these "trance poems," and they all present the same characteristics—the fine tenuity of idea and beautiful confusion of images so suggestive of ghostly musings. We should like to quote "The Birth of the Spirit," a piece given through the trance-mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan-Richmond, but it is too splendid for a profane journal. Far more suitable for such a setting is the following "epigram," written, *apropos* of the Slade prosecution, by Mr. Gerald Massey:—

The Apostle bade us "*try the spirits*,"
And judge them fairly, on their merits,
But did not clear instructions give
For catching things so fugitive
As spirits, in the Lawyer's sieve;
And possibly, he might retort,
"*I didn't mean at Bow-street Court!*"

We are not informed whether the above lines were also given through trance-mediumship. If so, we are at a loss which to admire most—the poetry of the Spirits, or their satire.

So far we have proceeded, and have not yet got to the Spirits themselves at all. We have seen them revealed in their "inspirational" poems and epigrams, but that is only through a glass, darkly. We must still linger a little over their works, while we direct attention to their greatest achievement—a *post mortem* work by Charles Dickens. Towards the close of 1873, great excitement was caused in spiritualist circles by the rumour that a Spirit, "claiming to be Charles Dickens," was completing the unfinished novel of *Edwin Drood*. Inquiry showed that the rumour was founded on fact, and that the medium—a medium is always a necessity in such case—was a foreman in the printing office of the *Vermont Record and Farmer*. It appears that the matter began through the instrumentality of Dickens himself—that is, of Dickens's simulacrum. One evening, the inspired foreman, at a *séance*, wrote a message addressed to himself, "requesting a sitting," and signed in a plain, bold hand, "Charles Dickens." Several other communications followed, and at last one evening the medium "exclaimed that a *face* was looking down upon him from one corner of the room, with *hands* outstretched towards him." Strangely enough, though the others could see nothing, he "rushed to the spot," and "appeared to *shake hands (!)* with the imaginary being." On his relating the circumstance next day to a gentleman, that gentleman stepped to a bookcase, and took down a "Life of Dickens," containing an excellent portrait, and showed it to him. His face, we are informed, "instantly became blanched, as he cried 'Good God! that's the man I saw last night!'"

All this is ghostly enough in all conscience, but it is so far suggestive rather of *diablerie* than of dyspepsia. If we could suspect a foreman compositor of being a cheat and a liar, there would be room for strong language, but, of course, such a medium was impeccable. The upshot briefly was that Dickens dictated to, or rather through, this individual twelve hundred pages of manuscript, enough to make an octavo volume of four hundred printed pages. Not only did he do this, but he constantly sent brief notes of encouragement and good cheer. These communications have all been preserved, but "are regarded as of a private and personal nature, not for the public eye." Nevertheless, the foreman compositor was permitted to make some extracts. "We are doing finely," wrote Dickens on one occasion. "You have no idea how much interest this matter is *exciting here among the hosts by whom I am surrounded*. . . When this work is finished, you shall continue to be my amanuensis. *I shall write more after this!*" More astounding still, the Spirit of Dickens gave full directions as to the manner of procedure to secure copyright, and on one occasion sent this note:—

In regard to English publishers: As soon as the first proof sheet is done, address a letter to Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, Milton House, Ludgate-hill, London, England. It is *very probable they will negociate for advance sheets*.—Faithfully, DICKENS.

Here we must leave the spirits for one week. The *séance* has already been too much for our strength. Its most striking effect, so far, is one which an old-fashioned physician would have treated by an "inspirational" appeal to the liver, through the "medium" of a blue pill.

RES ANGUSTA DOMI.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

It is not unusual for the daily papers to take up some grievance with which to fill their columns during the dull season. Some are real, many only fancied; but about none has so much been written as upon the subject of masters and servants. But it is an ugly fact that, notwithstanding all the suggestions of the letter writers, and the efforts of legislation, we are daily experiencing an increased difficulty in obtaining good servants. It is a grievance that has already become a serious one, and the outlook does not seem at all bright; for not only are the domestic servants deteriorating, but also the agricultural and labouring class with them. False education and over indulgence has had a baneful effect on the former, whilst perpetual strikes and orators of the Joseph Arch type have gone far to ruin the latter. No longer can master say to his servant, "Go, and he goeth." Now it is, "Please, be so kind as to do this or that," and the odds are that he is *not* so kind as to do it, unless, indeed, it happens to suit his own convenience. It has often been pointed out that the servants of a past generation were very different, and this assertion has as often been contradicted. Yet, formerly, after the first three or four months, servants identified themselves with their employers, and almost went so far as to take them for richer for poorer, for better for worse. Indeed, there are many instances on record of disaster having overtaken a family, and the servants, one and all, preferring to take nominal wages until better times should come, rather than sever themselves from the house. Grumble? Well, yes, they used to grumble—it was one of their perquisites; but it was merely a safety-valve, and meant nothing. One knew perfectly well that if "Cook" said she must "leave at a month" because the work was too hard, she would cheerfully have undertaken double the amount sooner than carry her threat into execution, and that, whatever the gardener exclaimed on finding his plum trees had been invaded, he rather liked it than otherwise, and generally ended with the

truism that boys will be boys. Now, however, constant change seems to be a necessary of life. Servants seldom stay more than a year in any one place, and never put themselves out in the slightest degree for the benefit of their master or mistress. Besides, they require so many privileges—rights, as they call them—that the respective positions of employed and employer are almost inversed. Before condescending to "assist in the establishment" they stipulate for a fixed number of holidays, for a certain number of meals daily with a large assortment of dishes, while no work is *allowed* that is not strictly their place; in fact, the laws of caste are as strictly enforced as among the Brahmins of India.

When, failing their departure to other fields on their own account, they are dismissed for either laziness, incompetency, or dishonesty, servants find no difficulty in obtaining other situations. They can afford to smile at indignant masters or mistresses who refuse to give them a character, for they know where to go in order to purchase as many false written ones as they are likely to require. The amount of business that is carried on by forgery of this class is astonishing, and is becoming a regular trade. It would be well if our police or "criminal investigators" were to keep a sharp look out on this branch of commerce, and that when detected, the law should make examples of the forgers. Fellow servants are also often guilty of aiding and abetting their erring brethren, and the plan is as follows: An advertisement is inserted in some newspaper, or the name of the individual seeking a place is registered at the registry office, the reference to character being given as Mr. or Lady ——, Some Hall, Blankshire. On writing for the character a favourable reply is of course received, from Some Hall it is true, but from the cook, ladies' maid, or housekeeper (or, in the case of a man servant, the butler) who represents for the time being Mr. or Lady B. The only way to defeat this scheme is to make a point of never engaging a servant without a personal interview with their last employer, unless indeed registry offices are formed which will take the trouble to inquire and find out about those whose names appear on their books. We believe there are one or two institutions of this sort, but the great majority of them care for nothing so long as they obtain their fee or commission. We would suggest that, in the event of a servant having been engaged through a registry office and his or her character proving to be a forgery, the office through which the engagement took place should be heavily fined independently of any steps that might be taken against the servant. This, we feel sure, would act as a strong deterrent and speedily stamp out the vile class of shilling-seekers who profess to supply servants, and who are now so plentiful; while the real *bonâ fide* agents having nothing to fear would increase, and servants would find their only chance of employment lay in honesty. Why the character of our domestic servants should have so deteriorated would take more explanation than we have space for. As we have before said, over-education and over-indulgence have played a prominent part, and in the fostering of the idea that Jack is as good as his master added to the trash that they are so fond of reading, volumes of which are daily presented for their delectation, some reason for the deterioration may be perhaps found. Luckily there are some of the old sort left who shine out as brilliant examples of what should be, and they in common with suffering employers bewail the present state of affairs, and shake their heads when they think of the good old days.

THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

THE FOLLY THEATRE.—"RETIRING."

A fresh candidate for dramatic honours has entered the lists. Mr. W. H. Williamson has given us a three-act comedy-drama, entitled "Retiring," first produced at an afternoon performance at the Globe some months back, and which may be fairly included in the list of successes. There is a decided freshness both of writing and plot in this little piece. The author has had the courage to leave the well-trodden paths of conventionality, and boldly trace out a new line. He has essayed to give an insight into humble life by drawing the characters of Sam Snaffles, livery stable keeper, his wife and daughter, and he has succeeded thoroughly. Each character is a representation true to nature, without the smallest sign of staginess; in fact, the piece is an exact photograph of everyday life. Sam Snaffles, the livery stable keeper, having collected a sufficient sum of money, retires from business and takes a villa, where of course, he and his are miserable. His daughter is engaged to Mr. St. Jones, a young lawyer, notwithstanding the displeasure evinced by Jones père. Sam Snaffles eventually gets into trouble as an unwitting receiver of stolen goods, and is removed to the police cell. The right man however, coming to reclaim the parcel of stolen jewellery which he had entrusted to Mr. Snaffles, is found out, and everything is settled satisfactorily.

Mr. Lionel Brough, as might be expected, plays the part of Sam Snaffles with consummate skill, bringing out the comic side of the character with irresistible humour, while the pathos of the man when disgraced by being arrested is given with no less genuine talent. He has thoroughly grasped the author's meaning, and acts the part to the life. Mrs. Carter, as his wife, is no less deserving of praise; her acting is throughout perfectly unconscious and natural, and her attempt at long words invariably misplaced exceedingly funny. Miss Rose Cullen, the daughter of Sam Snaffles, gives a pretty interpretation of her part without exaggeration, and with perfect simplicity. Miss Lydia Thompson plays the servant girl with great humour. The one character in the piece with which we find fault is that of James the footman, and here both actor and author are to blame; the author for not making more of it, and the actor for endeavouring to make up for the deficiency. It is the only stagey bit of the whole, and jars somewhat unpleasantly. We think, also, that he last act might be easily improved. The discovery of the actual robber is a dramatic situation that is not fully worked out, and the curtain falls on what is unreal. With these exceptions, "Retiring" is worthy of great praise.

The piece is followed by an eccentricity in three acts, by W. S. Gilbert, called the "Wedding March." It is an adaptation from "Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," and is the wildest frolic we have ever seen on the stage. Mr. Gilbert has invested the French humours with a further supply of his own eccentricity, and it certainly is productive of laughter from the sheer absurdity of the whole, but it is not a piece suited for the English stage, and one feels somewhat ashamed to be compelled to laugh at what, on consideration, must be put down as childish nonsense. The piece is not well acted, for there is too much of the boisterous element in it; and were it not for the cleverness of Mr. W. J. Hill, who appears in his old part, and plays the deaf uncle with irresistible comicality, it would not only be dull, but would barely escape vulgarity.

MUSIC.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The forty-seventh season of the oldest of our large choral societies commenced on Friday, the 22nd inst., Exeter Hall being no less crowded than is usual on such occasions, and creating that customary feeling of unsafety inseparable from a building that is notoriously unprovided with sufficient means of exit in the event of fire. The programme of the evening, like that projected for the entire series of concerts, consisted of works with which the public are thoroughly familiar. Surely, the "Lobgesang" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" —beautiful, nay, more, immortal as they are—undergo such frequent performance at the hands of our choral bodies that their absence from the scheme of the Sacred Harmonic Society would not have been noticed. This being so, there can be no question that the ends of art would have been better served by the rendering of works seldom heard by lovers of oratorio, to whom they would assuredly offer attraction of no less irresistible kind. The Sacred Harmonic has resources that no other similar society possesses, and on that account we look to it for special efforts, such as the others may not venture to attempt. Evidently, there was nothing in the performance of Friday that the smallest choral union in the kingdom does not regularly undertake. Why should we not expect at Exeter Hall to hear some unfamiliar treasure left by Bach, Handel, Purcell, or a score more of the great old masters; or else a new composition from the pen of one of our rising musicians that might encourage among them greater labour in the production of oratorios? No; this is a privilege that must be left to the Festivals of Birmingham and Leeds, or the enterprise of Mr. Kuhe at Brighton; our premier choral society must go its old way undisturbed, and we may rest content with some such quasi-novelty now and then as that given last year, viz., the rendering of Rossini's "Mosé in Egitto" as an oratorio. Of course, the performance of the "Stabat Mater" and the "Hymn of Praise" on Friday was well nigh beyond reproach. We only need record that the solos were successfully sustained by Miss Anna Williams, Mrs. Suter, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Bridson, and that Sir Michael Costa resumed his time-honoured position as conductor.

The Viard-Louis Concerts.—On Tuesday evening last was given the first of a series of eight grand orchestral and vocal concerts organised by Madame Jenny Viard-Louis. Judging from the excellence of the opening one, these concerts should take a high place in musical entertainments. Mr. Weist Hill appeared as conductor, and ably presided over a carefully selected orchestra of 90 performers. The overture to "Oberon" proved that they were thoroughly capable both of appreciating and rendering any music they might be called upon to play. The tone and volume were perfect, and the gradations of power conscientiously carried out. Madame Viard-Louis played for the first time a pianoforte capriccio by Cherubini, though we confess to liking better the pianoforte concerto in F major by Hummel, which is a work we shall be glad to hear again. Gevaërt's orchestral fantasia on Spanish melodies, though beautifully played and skilfully treated, struck us as somewhat overwrought. The vocal efforts of Miss Emma Thursby were warmly applauded. On the whole, Madame Viard-Louis and Mr. H. Weist-Hill are to be warmly congratulated on the success they achieved; and it is to be hoped that lovers of music will not allow so excellent a "banquet" to be, as it unfortunately was last year, a heavy pecuniary loss.

FINE ART.

The Dudley Gallery.—Looking round the twelfth winter exhibition of the Dudley Gallery, the spectator may fancy he detects the spirit of the age represented within the compass of the 449 frames which are supposed to adorn the apartment. There is much technical cleverness and an intimate acquaintance with the outside of things; many evidences of a love of ease, of luxury, and of refinement; and a plentiful lack of originality, of deep insight, and of high thought. There are a few landscapes thoughtfully and manfully painted, such, for instance, as cattle wandering farmwards at nightfall, and the sturdy labourer coming home through the woods, by F. Morgan. Several of the sea pictures are bright and true; tanned fisher folk painted after the manner of Hook, by Napier Hemy and Robert Macbeth; and notably, a beautiful open-air effect of a broad waste of sand and receding blue tide, with a young sea urchin mounted on a rough horse in search of flotsam and jetsam, by Colin Hunter. But, in spite of their technical cleverness, these sea pieces miss the profound story of the ocean. No such fault can however, be found with the work of Mr. P. M. Feeney. His picture is called "Her Last Haven," and tells its pitiful story completely. Under a blustering sky, at the edge of a boiling sea, a schooner with her top yards gone and her back broken lies stranded upon the shore at the foot of a windy headland. In the majority of the paintings there is little tenderness and less wit. Indeed, but for a deliciously-humorous little work called "Banter," by Mr. F. Barnard, the Hogarthian spirit is conspicuous by its absence. With such names as Val Prinsep, G. H. Boughton, W. Small, H. S. Marks, Walter Crane, G. S. Leslie, E. Buckman, and J. D. Watson, men all practised in drawing the figure, the spectator might look for some subject, or fanciful treatment of a subject, out of the common. But it would seem as if these trusted pictorial craftsmen were satisfied to send out what we will hope is their least valued work. That admirable painter, Val Prinsep, is represented by the hard and meaningless study of a head, thoughtlessly christened "Bianca." The tender and thoughtful Boughton has two swollen, pink-faced wenches, set in an impossible landscape, and dubbed "Nut Brown Maids;" Mr. Small, so facile at figures, sends the not particularly clever likeness of a not very picturesque riverside public house. Mr. H. S. Marks treats us to what may be called a topical picture, labelled "Peace with Honour," a well-painted library of books, with the detail of an old gentleman in an arm-chair. Mr. Edwin Buckman is once more afflicted with the decorative craze. With every respect for Mr. Buckman's undoubted talent, his picture is not decorative; its want of balance and unity of design puts it outside the first principles of true decoration. Mr. J. D. Watson exhibits an important subject, taking size for a standard of importance, called "Engagements." A young dandy in evening dress is flirting with a stout maiden in white satin. It is a cleverly-painted, vulgar picture. Some one said long ago that French tradesmen were artists, but that English artists were tradesmen. Like many another epigram, this one contains but a half truth. It cannot, however, be denied that too many pictures in the present Exhibition of the Dudley Gallery have evidently been made to sell. The majority are well enough suited to furnish middle-class houses. Painted with a tradesmanlike anxiety to produce a good-looking article at a moderate price, these marketable cabinet pictures in oil are probably worth the money asked for them by their several art manufacturers. But that the greater number are worthy of the men who produced them, or that they reflect honour upon British art, we deny.

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

[*In future a certain space will be reserved weekly for articles on the Universities, Colleges, and Educational Subjects generally. Several columns of "*The Literary Examiner*" will also be devoted to reviews of Educational and Children's Books, of which a careful selection will be made, since the number published makes it impossible to notice all.*]

MR. HITCHMAN'S LIFE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield. By Francis Hitchman. Two vols, demy 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall.

One of two distinct principles must always be the biographer's guide; and he must, after choosing the one which circumstances suggest as most advisable, carefully adhere to it throughout his work. A biography may either be the narrative of a personal friend who has access to sources of information closed to the general public, or that of an impartial historian who surveys the life he has chosen for his theme from the calm elevation of the judicial bench. In the former, we not only pardon but we expect partiality, eulogium, and exaggerated admiration for the hero of the story; nor is such a work without its value, for the most one-sided biography ever written is probably also one of the best, while Mr. Evelyn Ashley has since added another to the list of excellent lives of eminent Englishmen. Such books will be read and admired for many years, even though, perhaps because, they were written by authors whose eyes were blind to the imperfections of the great men of whom they wrote, since their hearts were full of love for them. These works cannot be judged by the canons of historic impartiality, for they appeal to the heart rather than to the mind. But on biographies written by professed outsiders—by men who cannot claim the right of telling the tale of the life of a father, a friend, or a protector, in the loving spirit engendered by frequent intercourse and intimate acquaintance—on books written from the public standpoint as contributions to history—we make very different demands. We require sound judgment, cool temper, wide powers of generalisation, and systematic arrangement. The portly volumes before us are confessedly written by an author who has not even that superficial acquaintance with the Earl of Beaconsfield which, we imagine, would have been sufficient to enable him to obtain accurate information on the subject of the Premier's schooldays and other minor details which may not be very important, but should surely not be passed over with the words: "very little is known of his early years," as if Mr. Hitchman were telling us the life of Homer or Romulus, and had consulted all authorities in the vain attempt to discover a clue. On the author's own showing, therefore, and on the evidence of the book itself, which amply proves that he has "had access to no private or special information," and that "nothing appears in it which may not be found in Hansard or in contemporary newspapers and memoirs," this Life must be considered in the second category, as the work of a member of the outside public, who should bring to the task those qualities of which in an intimate friend the absence might be forgiven.

But in all these qualities Mr. Hitchman is painfully deficient. He has the patience of the compiler, but lacks the judgment which is required even to handle paste and scissors with discretion. He is full of the fervid admiration of a disciple, without that knowledge of his master's mind which is indispensable to enable him to comprehend its workings. On every word uttered, and every line written by Lord Beaconsfield, is lavished praise so indiscriminate that the most ardent Tory must thirst for some Attic salt to qualify these cloying sweets. He is full of disgust and horror at the attacks to which the Premier, like every public man in England, has been subjected during his long career; but he is unsparing in casting upon others the mud of which he complains so loudly. It would be an insult to Lord Beaconsfield to suppose that he could approve the virulent attacks made in this book on every man who at one time or the other may have disagreed with the Tory leader. While Lord Beaconsfield himself is always credited with the purest and highest motives, every one else is accused of factious opposition, of place-hunting, of jobbery, of bribery—in short, of every possible political crime, and of many moral ones. If ever the trite proverb "save me from my friends" was justified, the Prime Minister can now use it. It would have been difficult for Mr. Gladstone himself to compile a more damaging book, since every folly "Disraeli the younger" ever committed, every imprudent word he uttered, every blunder he made in the fiery days of his early career, are carefully treasured up in these pages, and admiringly told with a stolid silliness which we hardly expected to find even in the hindmost ranks of the traditionally stupid party. To analyse this work would be to devote to it far more attention than it deserves. It might, in fact, have been safely passed over without any notice at all, if the extraordinary eminence of Lord Beaconsfield's present position did not render it probable that the book will, notwithstanding its grievous faults, obtain a circulation beyond its deserts except as a compilation. It is, however, our duty to show that our criticism is not an unjust one, and we shall quote at hap-hazard a few passages proving the writer's fitness for the work he has undertaken. As early as page 28 we find the following note, intended to defend the contempt expressed by Vivian Grey for public schools:—"There had then been no public schools commissions, no Dr. Arnold, no Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C., to prove to the world that nobody could be a gentleman or a Christian without the Rugby *imprimatur*, or, failing that, the trade mark of some inferior school, such as Eton, or Harrow, or Winchester." Here, for no other intelligible reason except because the hero of Disraeli's first novel enunciated certain opinions, the author goes out of his way to sneer at two eminent men and four schools. Mr. Hitchman is probably ignorant of the fact that public schools are largely supported by the Tory party of which he is so devoted an adherent. The sophism by which Mr. Hitchman gets out of the difficulty caused by Mr. Disraeli's support of Triennial Parliaments (at High Wycombe) in 1832 is painfully transparent; and the constant endeavour to prove that Lord Beaconsfield's political career has been consistent throughout from that remote date to this day is as futile as it is totally unnecessary. To suppose that the opinions of a statesman should remain the same for a period of forty-five years, and that he should speak and act at the age of seventy just as he spoke and acted at twenty-five is to imagine that the statesman's mind or that the world stood still. Nobody thinks of reproaching Lord Beaconsfield with having then been a Liberal, yet Mr. Hitchman devotes many pages to denying it. He quotes, with immense enjoyment, some passages of the Runnymede Letters, in which Lord John Russell is called a "feeble Cataline" *(sic)*, and Lord Palmerston "a crimping lordship, with a career as insignificant as his intellect," and

calls this "exquisite banter" and "happiness of epigram," while he cannot find words strong enough to qualify Mr. Austin's and Daniel O'Connell's attacks on the rising politician. Mr. Disraeli's opposition to Peel is not only justified, but highly eulogised, and the suggestion that if office had been offered him he would have accepted it is pooh-poohed. A few pages further, Sir R. Peel is called all sorts of names for "dishing the Whigs," and for sucking other people's brains; while, still later, no words can express the author's admiration for the Conservative Reform Bill, which was based on these very principles. To the influence of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy on Lord Beaconsfield Mr. Hitchman is, of course, blind. Having accused him in his preface of "mingled bullying and cringing," he abuses him throughout the book, except on those occasions when, for party motives, he voted in the same lobby as his hero.

In fact, from beginning to end, Lord Beaconsfield is invariably right, and every one who disagreed with him not only invariably wrong, but generally also a renegade, a miserable Liberal, or a demagogue. Nay, more, not only men but measures are discussed in the same spirit. The Corn Laws are praised as long as Disraeli stood up for them; they are put down as obsolete when he threw them over-board. The Poor Law is cruel, harsh, and inhuman, because it was carried in the teeth of Mr. Disraeli's opposition; but Mr. Hitchman forgets the many pages he devotes to virulent attacks when he reaches the period at which the Tories accepted it. Protection is, in our author's opinion, the only panacea for all evils, in the first volume; in the second, Free Trade is recommended as the one great guiding principle by which England's prosperity will be assured. Non-intervention abroad is applauded up to 1867; an active foreign policy then becomes necessary.

To multiply further instances of the worthlessness of the writer's opinions would be mere waste of space, and an unnecessary trial of the reader's patience. Even as a mere compilation, the book is not a valuable one, for the compiler ought to give both sides of every subject with which he deals, while Mr. Hitchman gives us one only. A chronicler of events must be discriminative and impassionate, while our author's passion utterly destroys his discrimination. Yet the work is not uninteresting; for it contains all Lord Beaconsfield's historical epigrams, and among these many which have been almost forgotten. It would have been more interesting if we had had the epigrams with mere explanatory notes; Mr. Hitchman would have saved himself and us much trouble, for, notwithstanding his exertions, the Life of Lord Beaconsfield yet remains to be written.

STEDMAN'S OXFORD.

Oxford, its Social and Intellectual Life. By Algernon M. M. Stedman B.A. London: Trübner. 1878.

Mr. Algernon Stedman proclaims himself upon his title-page as a Bachelor of Wadham, for which rather shady abode of learning he elsewhere informs us "a brighter future is dawning." We sincerely hope the vaticination may prove correct, for if the present volume be taken as an index of existing culture at the most unpopular of Oxford colleges, it would certainly seem to stand sorely in need of amelioration. Mr. Stedman appears to be a new-fledged graduate, fresh from all the cramming of the Schools, and eager to emulate the dubious fame of Professor Montagu Burrows's "Pass and Class," which, says he, "has now become so obsolete as almost to be useless." Such high ambition betokens unusual generosity in a young writer; for though success always commands imitation, it is seldom that failure meets with that sincerest form of flattery; and everybody allows that the work of the All Souls' Professor was the most egregious failure ever attempted. Mr. Burrows had been educated for another profession, came to Oxford late in life, and fluked into a professorial chair by some mysterious piece of good fortune which has formed the wonderment of the University ever since. Accordingly, he was peculiarly unfitted to give intending students an insight into the ordinary life of young men who come up to Oxford at the usual age; and he turned out one of the driest and most edifying sermons ever preached from a lay pulpit. Mr. Stedman earnestly strives to follow in the Professor's steps, with such eminent success that the two works might appropriately be bound up together in a single cover before being finally consigned to the top back shelf of the book-case.

The work before us has apparently been written by the exclusive aid of the "University Calendar" and "Shrimpton's Oxford Guide," the latter being a cheap work of fictitious history, full of mythical allusions to King Alfred as the pious founder, and strange derivations of Brasenose from some marvellously mongrel Flemish roots. The information thus obtained has been worked up after the fashion of the *Eatanswill Gazette* on Chinese Metaphysics; while Mr. Stedman himself occasionally adds a few remarks by way of setting, to keep the *disjecta membra* of his authorities from falling bodily to pieces. After beginning with the time-honoured exordium, "The University is a corporate body"—we spare the reader the remainder of that well-known sentence—he goes on to give some account of the various colleges. The information that he vouchsafes is condensed from that which appears in the "Calendar," followed only by a few cursory original observations, of which the following may serve as a fair specimen:—"Among famous members of Worcester are: Lovelace, De Quincey, Sir Kenelm Digby, Foote. Worcester is by its position somewhat isolated from the other colleges; and this, perhaps, accounts for the fact that few Worcester men are met with in general society. This is to be regretted, for there are many pleasant undergraduates, and Worcester as a place of residence is not at all to be despised." The chronological haziness which places De Quincey between Lovelace and Sir Kenelm Digby is by no means a unique instance; for we find Humphry Duke of Gloucester wedged in between Adam Smith and Sir Stafford Northcote, while Dr. Pusey incontinently divides John Locke from Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sydney. But as all the colleges occupy only twenty pages, distributed over the whole period from Alfred the Great to the opening of Keble Chapel, we cannot expect minute accuracy in such minor points.

Mr. Stedman next bends his intellect to the expenses of Oxford life, which he elucidates in detail with clearness and brevity. The Social Life then claims his attention, and forms a peg for a large number of amiable platitudes respecting the advantages of chapel as an inducement to early rising, the desirability of learning to swim, the use and abuse of smoking, and the excellence of the proctorial system. But the chapter on the Intellectual Life, with its subsequent corollaries, forms the real cream of the book, dealing as it does with culture and refinement in a perfectly delicious and innocent unconsciousness of its own utter and wooden Philistinism. Mr. Stedman is clearly one of those into whose soul the iron of examination has entered. He conscientiously asks himself on every occasion, in his vicarious capacity as the

intending student's *alter ego*, "Does it pay?" and whatever does *not* pay for marks in the Schools he instantly rejects as flat, stale, and unprofitable. He runs up and down through literature, science, and art, ancient, modern, and mediæval, appraising all thought and beauty by a definite system of examination value. The man who seems to him most absolutely foolish is the reader of "works on Æsthetics, Theology, Anthropology, or Poetics," who, it appears, "will find himself eloquent on Pre-Raphaelitism, but unable to give the context to a passage from the Ethics, or to describe the state of Rome in the time of Catiline." "The growth of the Swiss Republics, or the marriage customs of some ancient tribes, however interesting in themselves they may be, will be found of doubtful advantage in the Schools." And so on, through page after page, the Mentor of Wadham lays down the law of exclusively "paying" work, till we reach at last the glorious climax, "Steady, conscientious reading in the lines here laid down, combined with fair ability, will secure [the student] a second, if not a first class." What a noble result of our brand-new competitive cramming system! If a man will consent for the four best years of his life to dwarf his intelligence down to a narrow range of subjects, specially prescribed for him by Mr. Stedman, he may hope in the end, with fair ability, to be placed in the second class by a board of Oxford examiners.

The latter half of Mr. Stedman's book consists of an account of all the principal schools, both in pass and honours, with a detailed statement of the most approved course of reading for getting through with credit or distinction. Here we learn that "the adherents of the newly expounded evolutionist philosophy of Herbert Spencer are neither few in number *nor deficient in intellect*"—we cannot resist the italics—yet in studying for Greats it will be quite sufficient to read "First Principles," and, "if there be not time for this, the main drift of his system is well given in Ribot." We note with surprise the novel discovery that "several essays of Hume on ethical subjects may be read with profit;" and we observe, with positive dismay, that the first volume of Buckle "will be sufficient to give the student a fair idea of the action of Moral and Intellectual Laws." But further examples of Mr. Stedman's style of culture are needless. We have been aiming at such a result during twenty years of assiduous cram, and now at last we have got it in perfection.

It would be cruel to visit the author too hardly in his personal capacity, because he is the legitimate outcome of a vicious system. It is, therefore, a pleasure conscientiously to affirm that his work is perfectly harmless. Being a first production it will probably have, at least, one good result; it will prevent Mr. Stedman from ever venturing upon a second. He has now measured his own strength, and he can have no excuse in future for harbouring any further hallucination upon the subject.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

The Return of the Native. By Thomas Hardy. Smith, Elder and Co.

There are many indolent readers who, when they open a novel, like to plunge into a lively conversation or an exciting scene at once, and lay down the book impatiently if their interest is not aroused on the very first page. To these Mr. Hardy's book will appear dull, because they will not read far enough to be interested. But persons of a more patient disposition will be well rewarded for the task, which, we are compelled to admit, is not quite an easy one, of mastering the long descriptions of the grand, "heathy, furzy, briary, obsolete country," in which the scenes of this story are laid. We warn intending readers not to be alarmed at the verbose eccentricity which distinguishes its opening chapters, nor to be repelled by the uncouth language, often closely verging on coarseness, in which the conversation of the natives of Egdon Heath is carried on. The obvious imitations of Victor Hugo are confined to the opening chapters, or, at any rate, reappear only at rare intervals throughout the work, while the intimate acquaintance with, and real affection for, the surroundings of his tale displayed by the author almost reconcile one to the repeated and prolonged emphasis with which he dwells on them.

The book is not crowded with characters, as is too often the case in modern novels. Only three women, Mrs. Yeobright, her niece Thomasin, and Eustacia Wye, and three men, Wildeve, young Yeobright, and the Reddleman, have anything to do with the development of the drama. Of course there are other characters, but, although some, like Christian's, are fresh, well drawn, and very amusing, they play no part whatever, and only serve to fill up the background. The result of the skilful handling of these few persons is a concentration of interest, steadily increasing towards the middle of the third volume, after which, unfortunately, the sudden and unexpected removal of the two most interesting, because most inexplicable actors, leaves the stage blank and bare. It is not usual for authors to kill off half their *dramatis personæ* long before the book ends. But from Mr. Hardy we cannot expect anything usual; on the contrary, the originality and freshness of the work is such that these very qualities at first prevent our perceiving its full strength. When, after eleven months in London, we first reach a remote Alpine valley surrounded by weird rocks and cold glaciers, the strangeness of our surroundings will, for a few hours, not allow us to enjoy their full beauty. So it is with the "Return of the Native." There is no heroine in it, and nobody at all like anybody of whom we have read before. Nor is there, as far as we can make out, any hero. One wedding takes place in the first volume, another in the second, and a third at the end of the book; but the first two are not at all satisfactory, and we suspect that no one will care much about the third. The Reddleman, who acts throughout as the *deus ex machinâ* is, apart from his redness, which is inseparable from his business of selling dye, the only character whom we think we have met before under the garb of a supernaturally intelligent amateur detective. We do not propose spoiling the pleasure which attaches to the unknown and unexpected by betraying the plot, but it may fairly be objected to the slender framework of the tale that, if its conclusion had been pleasanter, it would have lost none of its interest, and would have been a great deal more satisfactory. It appears to us that Mr. Hardy had gradually become tired of working out the singular characters of Eustacia and Wildeve, and, not seeing how to get them out of the inevitable mess into which no unnatural events but their own innate weakness brought them, had killed them off to get rid of the difficulty. Such an expedient, if expedient it be, is unworthy of the author, and we are convinced that a little more patience would have been well bestowed on the third volume. Again, Clym hardly betrays his tendencies with sufficient explicitness to permit us to feel that the course of life he at last adopts is quite natural; notwithstanding our sympathy both with him and with his lofty aim, we feel that he was made for something greater, if not better. And the interest the author arouses for Thomasin is, we believe, much milder than he expected; for it is evidently his wish that we should be satisfied with the quiet happiness she obtains, while in reality we are perfectly

indifferent to it. Eustacia is so obviously Mr Hardy's favourite that she becomes ours also. We are therefore disgusted with her misery in the second half of the novel and disappointed with her sad end.

Notwithstanding these imperfections, which are perhaps not faults, but only idiosyncracies of the author, the book is one which deserves a better fate than merely to be skimmed and then thrown aside. Not only is it far, very far, above the ordinary three volume novel, but (and this is much higher praise) many parts of it will bear reading a second time, and will then be better appreciated than at the first hasty perusal. The "Return of the Native" makes us expect very great things from Mr. Hardy if he will only work slowly and patiently.

ON FOOT IN SPAIN.

On Foot in Spain. By J. S. Campion. London: Chapman and Hall. 1878.

Major Campion, a mighty hunter, and the author of a book of exciting adventures in Arizona, appears to have been impelled to undertake a walking tour in Spain, chiefly by a desire to disprove Ford's well-known dictum that "walking in Spain is not to be thought of for a moment." He seems to have forgotten, or to have ignored, the fact that the late Rev. Hugh Rose has already demonstrated the perfect practicability of such a proceeding, and has done so unassisted by Major Campion's manifest advantages in the companionship of a dog and the possession of a gun and of ample funds. Poor Rose, whose untimely and sad end is deeply to be deplored, made his pedestrian excursions under the least favourable circumstances, being frequently without even the necessary money with which to furnish himself with a night's lodging. Major Campion has acted wisely in confining his experiences entirely to the Northern Provinces, to avoid covering the same ground as his less fortunate, though more gifted, predecessor, whose journeys were almost always due south. The apology with which he prefaces the present book is so modest, and, withal, so accurate an estimate of his own merits, as almost to disarm criticism. His literary manner is evidently modelled, *longo intervallo*, upon that of Mark Twain. He is not devoid of humour, and can tell a good story racily, but he has a habit of repetition which is frequently wearisome. He does not spare his readers the slightest detail of his dinners or his dormitories. He devotes pages to the description of his acquired accomplishments as a dancer of *Jotas*, the only native dance which he seems to have seen. He is egotistical to excess, and he makes no attempt to afford any information as to the natural and artistic beauties of the towns and villages through which he passed. And yet, in spite of all these grave defects, his book has a certain amount of *verve* and go in it that carries the reader through from the first page to the last. No one commencing the volume will lay it down till he has finished it, and yet the amount of instruction (and the *raison d'être* of all books of travel is instruction) to be derived from its perusal is of the slightest possible character.

Major Campion walked from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, entering Spain at Irun and, practically, quitting it at Barcelona. He thus saw a very small portion of the country, and none of the historic towns which so largely invest the land with interest for the artist and the student. He is loud in his praises of the beauties of the Spanish women. There is scarcely a page which does not contain a description of some marvellously beautiful being. While fully endorsing his eulogy of the girls of Guipuzcoa, Arragon, and Catalonia, the only provinces which he traversed, we wonder how his evidently inflammable heart would have been affected by the sight of an Andalusian maiden; who is, as regards face and figure, the most perfect specimen extant of the female of the human species. He gravely recounts, as something exceptional, his platonic *amourette* with a pretty attendant at a *Posada*, unmindful of Cervantes' axiom that "green figs and tavern waitresses grow rapidly ripe through being frequently pinched." His experience differs from that of others in the affection which he found the Spaniards, as a body, to evince for the English nation. As a rule, the sight of an Englishman reminds them of the existence of that constant thorn in their side—our possession of Gibraltar—although their natural and unstudied politeness prevents them from being discourteous to anybody. Major Campion was agreeably surprised to find the inns for the most part excellent, and the food ample and appetising. It is well, in the interest of the travelling public, that this fact should be widely known. In spite of all assertions to the contrary, there is unquestionably no more comfortable country, for the ordinary tourist, than the Spain of the present day. The extreme affability and complete good conduct to the stranger of all, from the humblest peasant to the proudest noble, is a circumstance which is not observable, to the same extent, in any other land. For one piece of information the tourist will be grateful to Major Campion. He gives a clear statement of the relative value of the copper coinage—a thing which no foreigner and few natives have been hitherto able to make out. In the hope of finding sport, and from fear of robbers (a long existing bugbear, which we are glad to find that he finally exposes), he provided himself at starting with a dog and a gun. He found little animal and, happily, no human game; but the dog served him as a pleasant companion and the gun succeeded in securing him respect, as the license to carry arms is difficult to obtain. He found "Murray" too bulky for his compact kit, and, apparently, did not know of the existence of O'Shea's excellent one-volume guide book. He received large hospitality and kindness on all sides, and his accounts of the home life, both of the upper and lower classes, are not the least interesting portions of his work. He was impressed with the capital appearance of the Spanish soldiery, and, beyond all, with the efficiency of the Civil Guard, which body, composed of picked men, and governed by rules based upon the laws of honour which prevail throughout the Peninsula, is the most admirable institution at present to be found in Spain. Neatly dressed, handsome, thoroughly good-tempered and inured to hardship, the Civil Guard can claim the credit of the complete security to life and property which has, since the termination of the Carlist war, characterised, with slight exceptions, this marvellously interesting country. The chief charm of Spain, beyond even its high artistic and historical interest, is to be found in its primitive costumes and customs, which differ widely from those of any other civilised people. Major Campion was not fortunate enough to witness a bull fight, so that Théophile Gautier's admirable description of that singular *funcion* in "Tras los Montes" (the best book upon Spain in existence) remains, as yet, without a rival. The account of the reception of King Alfonso XII. on his visit to Barcelona in March, 1877, when, according to Major Campion, he was received with hisses and derision, may be advantageously contrasted with the demonstration at Madrid on October 25th of the present year, the day after the dastardly attempt of Oliva Moncasi. On the 24th, when he entered Madrid, the populace received him in respectful silence, the only display of enthusiasm being the strewing of flowers in his path by workmen

hired by the municipality; but, on his proceeding to the *Antocha* on the 25th, absolutely unattended, and driving himself in an English mail phaeton, he was greeted with loud "*Vivas*," and by clamorously enthusiastic expressions of popular affection and esteem. Evidently, this attempted assassination has been a means of elevating Alfonso XII. into remarkable and sudden popularity. Major Campion gives an amusing account of many religious ceremonies at which he assisted, especially of one the attendance at which is said to secure "a reward of two thousand four hundred and eighty days let off from purgatory, which he or she can appropriate to his or her personal use or benefit, or, if so inclined, turn over to some departed soul in that uncomfortable region of theirs." He was so disgusted, however, at the loathsome wretches who were present that—to use his own words once more:—"As I had walked to the Church in a generous frame of mind, I had intended to turn over those two thousand four hundred and eighty days to that ill-used friend of my youth—old Guy Fawkes; but, after suffering the smell of those animated atrocities, and getting pains in my back and knees from remaining so long in a most unaccustomed posture, I determined to keep them all for myself. I may not want them, but if I do they will average things against what I suffered; otherwise I am, to that extent, an outraged and injured individual for ever." One little piece of shrewd observation on Major Campion's part is too truthful to be omitted here:—"Courtly manners would have come to her (a peasant girl) by intuition; they always do to women with well-bred hands and feet." Major Campion elegantly calls giving useful information "coming Barlow over his readers," and, consequently, avoids imitating the tutor of Sandford and Merton to any appreciable extent. The mis-spelling of the Spanish words with which his pages are thickly studded is too consistent and glaring to be charitably attributed to the printer. The illustrations are correct, but of little artistic merit, and the peculiar process of photography by which they are reproduced makes them anything but an embellishment to the volume. On the whole, however, the book is quite readable and by no means uninteresting.

SELECTED CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Under the Lilacs. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Although the authoress's name is not by any means unknown, and her previous books justified us in expecting something better than the common run of children's stories, we were hardly prepared for so fresh and delightful a tale as this. The scene is, of course, laid in North America; but although English children may be puzzled by a few Yankee expressions, and by allusions to fruit, flowers, and insects, they have never heard of, there is nothing in the book at all repulsive to our ideas, and the events related could just as well have happened in a quiet country town in England. To a woman of moderate means who, with her two little daughters, has charge of a large empty house, comes a poor little starving boy who has escaped from a circus, where he was ill-treated. The little acrobat is fed, clothed, and made much of; the tricks he and his dog perform win for him the applause of the children, and his bright and quick ways make him a valuable acquisition to the young lady, who, with her invalid brother, come to occupy the house. He is occasionally tempted to return to a roaming life; but the report of the death of his father sobers him, and his aim is thenceforth to be "respectable." The loss of his poodle, Sancho, when the hero is tempted to visit a travelling circus, forms one of the principal episodes in the book, and, when he is at last found again, but dyed black, and shorn of his beautiful tail, which he was in the habit of holding in his paw (we had almost written hand) whilst waltzing, the joy of all the little and big people in the book is fully shared by the reader. After this episode Ben's progress in the paths of respectability, which, in Miss Alcott's hands, never means dulness, is as rapid as it is constant; and, when his father returns safe and sound to settle down as an ostler in the town, his happiness is complete. This delightful book winds up, as all books should, with a double marriage "under the lilacs."

Dora's Boy, by Mrs. Ellen Ross (Strahan and Co.) is of the extreme goody-goody order. When people are cold and hungry, they don't go home to change their clothes and dinner, but find sufficient warmth and food in a chapel. When good children are to have a treat, they are taken to church to hear the singing. And the most exciting episodes turn on the reading of a psalm, or the saying of a prayer. We trust that the other works of Messrs. Strahan's "series of books for the people" are a little more worldly, or else we fear they will hardly find many "people" to read them.

The Boys of Raby. By F. A. White, B.A. (Wyman and Sons.)—Mr. White tells us that his hero, Master Eddie, is "graphically drawn to the very life, but bathed in a soft, golden flood of the celestial light of love," and that the book "with its animated crowd of fascinating incidents, takes an ineradicable hold of the heart of the impressionable boy." Is it possible to improve on this criticism? We think not. We will merely say that Eddie, who, in the course of the book, is called by a number of other elegant names, such as Master Timmy Too-Tough, Redface, Bunny, and so on, is a squire's son, who goes to school with a number of exceedingly vulgar boys, the sons of various dwellers in the village, and invariably takes their faults and their canings on himself, thus earning the epithets of "sweet," "darling," "dearest," and others, which, we thought, were confined to colleges for young ladies only. We should be very sorry to meet so intolerable a prig as Master Ned, and should be still more sorry if any of our boy friends could read through this wretched book with any interest.

Young Days (Sunday School Association) and *The Sunday Scholars' Companion* (Church of England School Institute) are capital specimens of healthy, useful work, and cannot fail to delight children with their numerous woodcuts, amusing tales, and varied information. They are monthly series, now republished in yearly volumes, and appear thoroughly adapted for the purpose in view. Although, of course, distinctly religious, there is in these works none of that narrow sectarian twaddle which is so inimical to all true religion, and so likely to make children either hypocrites or atheists. We might object to some of the hymns as commonplace, but the verses flow easily, and the spirit they breathe is pure and charitable.

That Boy; Who shall have him? (Hodder and Stoughton) is a startling contrast to the above volume. It gives a curious insight into the result of the doctrines practised by the revivalists and their rivals in America, and is, we think, better adapted for grown persons who are interested in the singular people for whom Moody and Sankey do not go half far enough, than for children. There is a great deal of grim humour in the book, and it will well repay the trouble of reading; but it would hardly be safe to place it in the hands of impressionable little ones.

Harty the Wanderer, by Fairleigh Owen (Griffith and Farran) is a sensational book of adventures by sea and land. It is almost too strong food for babes, and some of

the horrible scenes described—particularly those which are supposed to occur among the rough quarrymen at Marlsdene—might seem better adapted for the columns of a "penny dreadful" than for the pages of a children's book. When Mr. Owen next attempts to describe nautical adventures it would be well if he obtained some naval friend to revise the proofs. Such mistakes as that on page 121, when Pranks says, "The tide never comes as high as that, unless it be the neaps," would make any boy whose home or school is near the sea lose all his faith in the story. Notwithstanding these faults, the tale will, no doubt, be read with the greatest interest by many young people, and, notwithstanding its sensationalism, the tone is not unhealthy. In *Every Inch a King*, by Mrs. Bliss (also Griffith and Farran), we have a singular contrast to "Harty the Wanderer." Mr. Owen makes comparatively little out of the most awful adventures, while Mrs. Bliss makes a charming book out of the every-day occurrences of dog life. Rex is a delightful dog, but there are many like him, and what happens to him might happen to our or your retriever any day. There have been many attempts to write autobiographies of animals, but they have generally failed, because the author has not been able to get rid of the mania for instructive and moral lessons which is the curse of so many children's books. Mrs. Bliss has succeeded in writing from a purely dog-standpoint, doggily throughout; placing her greatest happiness in bones, and in the approval of the mistress. The little book will be found as amusing to healthily disposed parents as to children.

Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume for 1878, edited by Mrs. Gatty (George Bell and Sons) hardly requires praise. Mrs. Gatty has always proved herself an admirable writer for the young, for she knows well what they want. This selection of amusing stories and instructive essays on geography, history, and zoology, leaves little to be desired. The articles are, of course, of unequal merit, and some of them appear rather too advanced for the youthful public to which the book appeals; but it is hardly fair to find fault with what is, after all, only an exaggerated virtue—the thoroughness which characterises "Diatoms," "Landmarks in the History of Civilisation," and others. The correspondence and list of subscribers to charitable objects might, we think, have been left out of the annual, while some of the competitive examination questions would puzzle an advanced scholar. What use can there be in asking a child to "Write a history of the custom of apprenticeship," or "How did the Incas deal with pauperism?" The result must surely be poor stuff, which will make the writer think a great deal of himself and bore everyone else with the premature prose of youthful superficiality.

Every Girl's Annual, edited by Miss Alicia Leith (George Routledge and Sons), is not quite so trying. Miss Leith does not aim so far as Mrs. Gatty, and we are inclined to think that she finds the range of her youthful readers better. There are no tough examination questions and fewer instructive articles. The tales are charming (particularly "Hermy") and the illustrations excellent. There are riddles, too, and puzzles—in fact, everything that little girls like best. The book is not so full of wisdom as "Aunt Judy," but will be none the less welcome.

The Day of Wonders, by M. Sullivan (Griffith and Farran), is one of the numerous books written in imitation of "Alice in Wonderland." None have been so witty and none so nonsensical as this child's epic; and Mr. Sullivan errs, we think, in making an attempt which is sure to end in failure. "Alice" was nonsense throughout, and children knew it; but in "The day of Wonders" all sorts of serious information is so mixed up with rubbish that young readers are not unlikely to take one for the other, and will certainly get puzzled over it.

Glenmorven, by M. M. B. (The Edinburgh Publishing Company, and Simpkin, Marshall and Co.), is a nice little tale, full of lively adventures, and particularly well got up. But children should be encouraged in always thinking that their parents are absolutely perfect in every respect as long as it is possible to keep up the illusion. In this book Mrs. Farquhar, the mother of the twins whose adventures are described, is a frivolous and unpleasant woman, whose faults are brought out very forcibly, and, although there is not much about her, there should, we think, be nothing of the sort in a work intended specially for children.

The Prince of Nursery Playmates (Sampson Low and Co.) is a collection of old fairy tales and nursery rhymes, illustrated by more than two hundred very spirited, if not invariably very artistic, coloured prints. For young children this is a capital book. We have also received *Chats about Animals* and *Chats about Birds*, by Mercie Sunshine (Ward, Lock, and Co.), which are nice simple little books, with some excellent and some very middling woodcuts; *A Wayside Posy*, by Fanny Lablache (Griffith and Farran), for girls only, a collection of pretty but rather goody tales and fairy legends; a very handsome reprint of Saintine's lovely poem in prose, *Picciola* (George Routledge and Sons), in which the steel plates by Flaming deserve more than a mere passing notice; *Little Wideawake*, by Mrs. Sale Barker (George Routledge and Sons), a funny collection of good things, mental and spiritual, for very young children; *Masterman Ready*, by Captain Marryat and *Parables from Nature*, by Mrs. Gatty, reprinted by Messrs. George Bell and Sons in a cheap and handy form; and several other reprints of popular children's books.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Mistletoe Bough. By M. E. Braddon. (London: J. and R. Maxwell.)—The new Christmas annual by Miss Braddon is, as might be expected, full of romantic interest. The seventeen "sprigs" are stories told with great force and skill, with enough ghostly glamour to please the most ardent spiritualist. Not only is each sprig full of *spirit*, but the pathetic element has by no means been neglected. We think we have seen parts of the woodcuts before, and some of them are decidedly foreign in character. But, on the whole, we can safely congratulate Miss Braddon on the "Mistletoe Bough."

Leaves from My Note-Book. By an ex-Officer of the Royal Irish Constabulary. (Dean and Son.)—We have every respect and, indeed, a high admiration for the officers of the Royal Irish Constabulary, especially when they do not rush into print; and we must confess to a pang of regret that the gallant gentleman who has written this book did not confine its circulation to his friends and near relations. The contents consist of unconnected, desultory yarns, with no particular point, and destitute of any sign of humour. We are treated to faction fights, robberies, murders, illicit distilling, and other recreations proper to the Irish peasant, which, by the way, are illustrated with woodcuts that would not shame the *Police News*. It is with considerable pleasure, however, that we learn that "Leaves from My Note-Book" will "be found attractive." This interesting fact we gather from the preface, in which the author, with unconscious humour, adds, "It will also be found a pleasant companion at home or abroad, in the railway carriage or steamer saloon." Thus. we may

reasonably assume that an "ex-Officer" is, in his own opinion at least, an able and amusing writer. And, if he believes himself to be so, why should we disturb his simple faith?

Notes of a Tour in America from August 7th to November 17th, 1877. By H. Hussey Vivian, M.P., F.G.S. (Edward Stanford.)—Railways have much to answer for, and the Pacific line is, above all others, guilty of being the *primum mobile* of a legion of volumes. Ten years ago, a man who had seen San Francisco was inclined to consider himself not altogether nobody, while the individual who could talk familiarly of the Windriver Mountains, Salt Lake City, the "Rockies," and the Columbia, had his claim to be somebody allowed even in Savile-row and the other places where geographers most do congregate. Unhappily, travellers who have crossed the American continent are to-day too numerous to have their merits conceded in any save very rural circles, where Cologne is a far away town, and a trip to Paris an event in the bucolic calendar. Yet we are not inclined to depreciate these birds of passage that see the world out of the windows of Pulman's cars, and eat *pâté de foie gras* and drink champagne, where the early explorers of the prairies were lucky if they could roast fat rattlesnakes on the end of their iron ramrod, and reach the "settle-*ments*" in possession of a pack of beaver-skins and their scalps. They are useful. Many men, many minds; and the observations of an intelligent observer coming fresh to the study, however superficial, of the new world and its pushing, clever, and sometimes over "smart" people are always of some value—albeit it is sometimes a little tiresome searching for the one grain of wheat among the many bushels of chaff. All that we can say of Mr. Hussey Vivian's pleasant volume is that it is quite as good as the average, not much worse than the best, and a good deal better than the worst of these "Hurrygraphs," as that writer—Parker Willis—calls them. His notes consist of a series of letters sent to a local newspaper, of a three months' tour made through Canada and "the States," on to San Francisco and back, in company with Mr. Childers. All they saw he jots down carefully, and comments on it like a well-educated gentleman. Dignitaries, such as an ex-Minister and a wealthy M.P., are always treated with profound courtesy by railroad presidents and similar magnates in America; and, perhaps on that account, do not invariably gain an altogether impartial insight to the American character and institutions. They are, what is vulgarly known to the actors in the farce, "put through," and are apt to see not what actually exists, but what their munificent hosts choose that they should see, and through their spectacles too. However, Mr. Vivian seems to have made the best of his opportunities, and, being really a man of great experience and special training, his remarks have a certain value of their own, especially when he is on his favourite subject of mines. As an English legislator, he naturally felt much curiosity to see the American Congress at work, and, like many other people, does not seem to have been greatly impressed either with its dignity or efficiency—a dignity and efficiency which he considers will gradually deteriorate as the number of Congressmen gets larger. Indeed, in common with most other English Liberals, the member for Glamorganshire is rather Conservative in "the States," and, from his remarks on some Republican institutions, one would hardly believe that he sat on the side of the House of Commons he does. The book is published for the benefit of a local church building fund, and a fair specimen of the good-humoured style in which it is written is afforded by the last sentences of the preface. "Perhaps," he remarks, alluding to the goal of the possible profits of it, "some of my kind readers may also be moved to give us a helping hand. At any rate, if any one buys my book, and thinks he has paid too much, he may comfort himself by putting the 'balance' down to charity. If any one buys it, and thinks it worth more than he paid for it, he may quiet his conscience by remitting the balance to the Building Committee of St. John's Church, Swansea." Should the readers of these "Notes" be of our opinion, Mr. Vivian will in the course of a few months receive not a little "conscience money."

A True Marriage. By Emily Spender. In Three Volumes. (Hurst and Blackett.)—A pleasant, readable novel on its own merits, and yet one, we think, in which the chief interest is found, and is meant to be found, between the lines. It is essentially a woman's story, and the rights and wrongs of women are pleaded and placed before us through the medium of a purely conceived and skilfully told tale. There are three women heroines, and each suffers in some fashion from the "selfishness" of individual men, or from the "injustice" of men-made laws. With the exception of our old friend, the Rector of Tregalva, the men seem to be conceived simply as foils to the women. We have four heroes in all, two of whom, considering their culture, are strangely narrow in their ideas; and of the remaining two, one is really, as the author calls him "a howling cad," and the other that essentially lady-novelist's creation, a consistent monster. The heroines, in strong contrast, are all charming. Placed in exceptional positions, they take their lives in their own hands bravely and unfussily, and each works out a satisfactory career for herself, two by the newer roads of journalism and medical studentship, one by the old-fashioned "primrose path" of "a true marriage." And, in her definition of the title she has chosen for her book, we may as well say at once that the author has our most entire sympathy, and that we thoroughly endorse the dear old rector's dictum, that "a marriage without love is a downright sin in man or woman" (v. iii., p. 263). In all their trials the heroines show themselves to be gentlewomen, and we should be inclined to consider them rather strong-hearted than strong-minded. But, as we began by saying, it is distinctly, on the face of it, a woman's novel, and the situations are all depicted from a woman's point of view, a point which, we may be forgiven for hinting, is apt to be, from its very virtues of intensity and enthusiasm, a little one-sided. Take such a passage as the following, which may serve as a sample:—"Good and upright as he was, the very soul of honour, there was in him, as in Hugh Congreve (the villain), a fair share of that innate brutality which is the birthright of the average Anglo-Saxon" (v. iii., p. 25). We are inevitably reminded of the old story of the lion and the painter, and of the animal's retort to the artist concerning how things would look if the brush changed hands.

A Young Man's Fancy. By Mrs. Forrester. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—It is a growing practice among novelists to write a collection of stories, and have them bound in three volumes, with the name of the first of the series printed on the cover. The omission of the words "and other tales" partakes somewhat of the nature of a deception, which, however beneficial it may be to the circulating library, from the fact that two people, by beginning at different ends, can read at the same time, is always apt to disappoint those who, from the title, look for a conventional novel. Having had our grumble at the system, we have but little further fault to find. Mrs. Forrester has chosen her stories well, and told them with vigour, and, although the same hand can be traced throughout, the pictures are varied, both in scene and character, with sufficient skill to impart to each an individual in-

terest. Still, at most, it is excessively light reading, and the style that serves best as a *compagnon de voyage*, being easily laid aside at any moment.

STRAY LEAVES.

The regulations for British exhibitors at the Australian International Exhibition, 1879, have been approved, and are now obtainable, together with forms of application, from Mr. Edmund Johnson, honorary secretary of the London Committee, at the offices of the Exhibition, 3, Castle-street, Holborn. The space at the disposal of the Committee is limited.

The "St. Alban's Diocesan Kalendar for 1879" will be published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, by authority of the Bishop of the diocese. This will be the second issue of this Kalendar, which is under the editorship of the Reverend Frederick Burnside, Rector of Hertingfordbury, Hertford.

The Russian Government has sent several *savants* from the Moscow University to the Balkan Peninsula to search in the occupied districts for ancient manuscripts. At Tirnova the invaders have already seized 54 manuscripts, at Lovtcha 259, at Sophia 3,500, and 500 ancient books at Samakoff. These treasures, among which are believed to be some of inestimable value, are to be sent to the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg.

An attempt is being made to develope the language and literature of the Letts, a people of Finnish extraction, inhabiting the Russian Baltic province of Livonia. Some German *savants* are engaged collecting the ballads of the peasants, and last week a Lettish opera, entitled "Pehrkona Gais," or "A Piece in Prose"—the first opera in the Lettish language—was performed before a large concourse of people at Riga.

Messrs. W. Collins, Sons, and Co., of Bridewell-place, E.C., have just issued a fine sample of the bookbinder's art, in the form of the Princess Album. As a rule, albums sin grievously against all the canons of art; but, in this instance, the book is conspicuous for its elegance and tasteful design.

The people of Moscow are promised a translation of Grenville Murray's "Round About France." "The Member for Paris" already exists in the Russian language, and is highly popular among the educated classes.

Dr. Busch's book on Bismarck is to be brought out in Russia by a Moscow publisher.

We understand that Francis Carr's story "Left Alone," recently published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, is being translated into German, and will appear in Messrs. Schultz and Co.'s "Britannia Bibliothek," uniform with "Bonnie Lesley" and other popular works by English authors.

We understand that Bret Harte has made arrangements with Mr. D'Oyly Carte to give a series of lectures in London and the provinces.

To-night, at the Vaudeville Theatre, will be played for the 1,250th time Mr. H. J. Byron's comedy, "Our Boys." It seems to have lost none of the freshness of its youth, but like the historic brook, to be bent on going on for ever.

An interesting discovery has been made by Count Oovaroff of a burial ground belonging to the Stone Age. The spot is situated between the rivers Tety and Veletema, which flow into the river Oka in its course through central Russia to the Volga. The ground has been worn away into ravines during years of geological changes, so that only five tombs remain, and these without any mound to mark the spot on the surface. The skeletons were found during some excavations that had been made down to a bed of white sand; they were all lying on their backs, with their feet turned towards the east, the head inclined towards the left shoulder, and the right hand resting on the left cheek. At their side were discovered a small earthenware pot, some bones of animals and fish, and a flinthead. The graves were covered with a stratum of coal twelve inches in thickness.

The following lines were picked up on Friday, not far from Westminster:—

The Pot and the Kettle are both on their mettle,
And of compliments sweet there's no lack;
But, e'en should the libel be proved on the Bible,
It will surely turn out—both are black.

An amusing incident occurred the other day at a minor provincial theatre, not a hundred miles from Stoke-upon-Trent. The play of "Hamlet" was advertised, and the property manager, having been disappointed of a consignment of dresses, was forced to apply to a local dealer to supply the deficiency. To propitiate the gentleman, a seat for the first night was forwarded to him. All went well till the leading tragedian who was playing Hamlet came to the words, "These but the trappings and the garb of woe." When uprose the dealer in dress, in dire wrath, and exclaimed, in stentorian tones, "'Ere, I say Governor, draw it mild, they're my togs! I lent 'em to Mr. ——— for two quid."

A good story is told of an ex-Cabinet Minister, more noted for the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter in modo*. He was telling a friend that, a short time before, he discovered a shabby-looking individual prowling about the corridors of his country house, and, on making inquiry, found that the person had been sent by a Society paper to "do" a celebrity at home. "Of course, you kicked him out," said the friend. "No," said the ex-Minister; "I asked him to lunch. You see, he had come come upon my wife turning the mangle, and I didn't want that to appear in the papers."

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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

TO THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS, HELD ON THE 7th NOVEMBER, 1878.

HEAD OFFICE—ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, LONDON.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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MEDICAL EXAMINER—JOHN C. GALTON, M.A., M.R.C.S., &c.
SOLICITOR—T. H. DEVONSHIRE, Esq.

FUNDS.

Realised Assets (1878)	*£2,492,793*
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	*2,426,833*
Annual Income	*518,039*

THE DIRECTORS have the pleasure to present their Report on the operations of the 30th financial year of the Society, ending 30th June, 1878.

During the year 5,491 proposals were made to the Society for assuring the sum of £2,189,442. Of these proposals 4,332 were accepted for the assurance of £1,714,129, and policies were issued for that amount. The immediate annuities granted during the year were for £6,634 4s. 3d.

The income derived from premiums, after deducting therefrom the amount paid for Re-assurance, was £413,717 2s. 2d., including £55,938 8s. 5d. in premiums for the first year of assurance.

The balance of the interest account amounted to £104,321 17s. 3d., which, together with the receipts from premiums, raised the income of the Society to £518,039 19s. 5d. for the year. The interest which had become payable, but which had not been received at the date of closing the accounts, is included in the item of "Outstanding Interest" among the assets.

The claims made upon the Society, and admitted during the year under Life Assurance policies, were for an amount of £196,204 19s. 4d., of which sum £5,666 19s. 1d. was reassured, whilst the claims under policies for Endowments, which had reached their term, amounted to £90,193 15s. 9d. The sum of £38,001 2s. 11d. was also paid for the surrender of policies.

After providing for these amounts—for the annuities falling due within the year—for all necessary office expenses, and every other charge on the income of the year, there remained a balance of £119,288 2s. 2d., which augments the fund available for the existing policies of the Society. This fund amounted at the end of the financial year to £2,426,832 19s. 11d., and, together with the amount of £65,960 18s. 6d., reserved for the settlement of claims outstanding, for the payment of annuities not applied for, and for other purposes specified in the Balance Sheet, make up a total of £2,492,793 18s. 5d. in realised assets, as shown in the 2nd Schedule.

The accounts have been duly audited by Mr. G. H. LADBURY, the Public Accountant (a Shareholder of the Society), on the part of the Shareholders; and by the Notary Public, Mr. W. W. VENN (a Policy-holder), on behalf of the Policy-holders. The whole of the securities and documents representing the realised assets of the Society have been verified, both by the Directors and by the Auditors.

The Directors have bestowed unremitting attention to the judicious investment of the funds of the Society. The amount rendered available for this purpose by the movement of funds during the year has been invested to yield an average rate of interest of 4·46 per cent.

The freehold premises of the Society were, in the course of last summer, in a sufficiently advanced state to allow of the transfer thither of the Society's principal offices.

The Directors retiring on the present occasion are Messrs. W. H. THORNTHWAITE, EDWARD SOLLY, F.R.S., and JAMES LYNE HANCOCK, who, being eligible, are recommended by the Board to constitute the list for re-election.

Mr. LADBURY and Mr. VENN retire as Auditors, but, being eligible, they offer themselves again for election, the former on behalf of the Shareholders, and the latter on behalf of the Policy-holders.

The Directors have given the usual order for the triennial valuation of the assurance and annuity contracts of the Society, which has been already commenced. The result of the valuation will be submitted to the Shareholders at the next Ordinary General Meeting.

The Directors congratulate the members on the continued prosperity of the Society.

By order of the Board,
November 7th, 1878. F. ALLAN CURTIS, *Actuary and Secretary.*

FIRST SCHEDULE.

Revenue Account of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society" for the year ending 30th June, 1878.

Amount of funds at the beginning of the year				£2,329,256	17 0
Premiums—First year	£55,938	8	5		
Renewals	361,769	12	1		
	£417,708	0	6		
Less Re-Assurance Premiums	3,990	18	4		
				413,717	2 2
Consideration for Annuities granted				63,940	1 2
Interest and Dividends				104,321	17 3
Other Receipts:—					
Exchange				2,557	6 9
Securities realised (Profit on Debentures repaid)				1,490	0 3
Loan charges and Assignment Fees				14	2 9
				£2,915,297	8 1

We have examined the above Statement with the books of account, and hereby certify the same to be correct.

Signed, G. H. LADBURY, WILLIAM W. VENN, } *Auditors.*
Dated October 24th, 1878.

Claims under Policies:—					
Deaths	£196,204	19	4		
Endowments	90,193	15	9		
	£286,398	15	1		
Less Re-Assured	5,666	19	1		
				£280,731	16 0
Surrenders				38,001	2 11
Annuities				27,830	9 3
Commission				39,397	18 3
Expenses of Management:—					
For the acquisition of new business:—					
Inspectors, Agency, and Travelling Expenses	£17,292	10	4		
Advertising	5,053	3	8		
Medical Fees	4,516	1	5		
	26,861	15	5		
General Expenses	38,596	18	10		
Fiscal Expenses:—					
Stamps and Income-tax (English and Foreign)	4,506	8	8		
				69,955	2 11
Dividends and Bonus to Shareholders				1,085	12 0
Bonus in cash to Policy-holders				9,750	6 10
Amount of funds at the end of the year, as per Second Schedule				2,448,544	19 11
				£2,915,297	8 1

Signed, W. H. THORNTHWAITE, *Chairman.*
A. H. SMEE, *Director.*
EDWARD SOLLY, *Director.*
F. A. CURTIS, *Actuary and Secretary.*

SECOND SCHEDULE.

Balance Sheet of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society" on the 30th June, 1878.

LIABILITIES.					
Shareholders Capital paid up	£21,712	0	0		
Assurance Fund	2,193,432	1	11		
Annuity Fund	230,571	8	5		
Deferred Annuity in Italian Rentes Fund	2,829	9	7		
Total funds as per First Schedule				2,448,544	19 11
Claims admitted but not paid	43,650	1	3		
Less Re-Assured	1,400	0	0		
				42,250	1 3
Annuities outstanding				1,910	9 3
Share Dividends and Bonus not applied for				88	8 0
Other securities				nil.	
				£2,492,793	18 5

ASSETS.					
Mortgages on Property within the United Kingdom				£94,057	12 3
Mortgages on Property out of the United Kingdom				nil.	
Loans to Corporations and other minor public bodies				98,401	19 7
Loans on the Company's Policies				198,946	3 4
Investments:—In British Government Securities				148,799	11 10
Foreign Government Securities				459,906	2 7
Railway Debentures and Debenture Stocks				815,352	9 8
Railway Shares (preference and guaranteed)				20,004	19 5
House Property				318,560	8 4
Loans upon personal security				38,941	10 4
Credit premiums				43,655	14 0
Advances on reversionary interests and on deposits of securities				34,793	3 0
Furniture and fittings				7,599	6 8
Stamps and stationery				1,500	0 0
Agents' balances				61,731	15 0
Outstanding premiums				85,882	18 4
Outstanding interest and rent				33,155	0 11
Cash in hand and on Current account				31,505	3 2
				£2,492,793	18 5

We have verified, at the Bank of England, the inscription of the Government Funds, in the name of THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, and have examined the books, documents, and securities, representing the property contained in this Balance Sheet, and hereby certify the correctness of the same.

Signed, G. H. LADBURY, WILLIAM W. VENN, } *Auditors.*
Dated October 24th, 1878.

Signed, W. H. THORNTHWAITE, *Chairman.*
A. H. SMEE, *Director.*
EDWARD SOLLY, *Director.*
F. A. CURTIS, *Actuary and Secretary.*

BONUS YEAR, 1879.

POLICIES effected before the 1st July, 1879, on the profit tables, with annual premiums, will participate in the Bonus to be declared next year in the manner prescribed by the regulations of the Society.

PROPOSAL FORMS, &c., to be obtained on application to the Society's Agents, or to

F. ALLAN CURTIS, *Actuary and Secretary.*

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A New Child's Play. Sixteen Drawings by E. V. B. Sampson Low and Co.

Adamson, H. T., B.D.—The Truth as it is in Jesus. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Barker, Mrs. Sale.—Little Wideawake. George Routledge and Sons.

Barker, Mrs. Sale.—Little Wideawake Pictures (Illustrated). George Routledge and Sons.

Bunce, John Thackeray.—Fairy Tales, their Origin, and Meaning. Macmillan and Co.

Coal, its History and Uses, by Professors Green, Miall, Thorpe, Rücker, and Marshall. Macmillan and Co.

Dalton, Henry R. S., B.A.—The Mountain Mystery. Remington and Co.

Desart, Earl of. Kelverdale. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Dixon, William Hepworth.—Royal Windsor. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Dodd, Rev. William, LL.D.—The Beauties of Shakespeare. (Illustrated.) George Routledge and Sons.

Drury, Edward James.—Comical French Grammar. George Rivers.

Every Boy's Annual for 1879. Edited by Edmund Routledge. George Routledge and Sons.

Every Girl's Annual. Edited by Miss Leith. George Routledge and Sons.

Frith, Henry, translated by.—Uncle Chesterton's Heir. By Madame Colomb. (Illustrated.) George Routledge and Sons.

Fuller, Rev. Morris, M.A.—Our Established Church. Pickering and Co.

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Gentleman's Annual.—Christmas, 1878; Filthy Lucre. By Albany de Fonblanque. Chatto and Windus.

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Walker, William.—Handbook of Drawing. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

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Assurances effected under the bonus tables before the 31st December, 1878, will be entitled to participate in the distribution of the profits.
The thirty-first annual report and balance sheet may be had on application to any of the agents, or to
EDWIN BOWLEY, Secretary.

THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY. Fire, Life, and Annuities. 1, Dale Street, Liverpool; Cornhill, London.

Total invested funds	£5,814,367
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KINAHAN'S . L L . WHISKY.
THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES.
Pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Universally Recommended by the Medical Profession. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The Whisky is soft, mellow, and pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."
20, GREAT TITCHFIELD-STREET, W.

E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, Sauces, and Condiments.—E. LAZENBY & SON, sole proprietors of the celebrated receipts, and manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments so long and favourably distinguished by their name, beg to remind the public that every article prepared by them is guaranteed as entirely unadulterated.—92, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square (late 6, Edwards Street, Portman Square), and 18, Trinity Street, London, S.E.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—CAUTION.—The admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each bottle prepared by E. LAZENBY & SON bears the label, used so many years, signed
"Elizabeth Lazenby."

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

TO THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS, HELD ON THE 7th NOVEMBER, 1878.

HEAD OFFICE—ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, LONDON.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

W. H. THORNTHWAITE, Esq., Chairman.

H. C. T. BEADNELL, Esq. | J. LYNE HANCOCK, Esq. | EDWARD SOLLY, F.R.S. | WILLIAM TREGO, Esq.
RICHARD CRAWLEY, Esq. | ALFRED HUTCHISON SMEE, Esq. | W. THORNTHWAITE, Esq. | GEORGE TYLER, Esq.

OFFICERS.

ACTUARY AND SECRETARY—F. ALLAN CURTIS, Esq., F.I.A.
ASSISTANT SECRETARY—JOSEPH ALLAN, Esq.

MEDICAL EXAMINER—JOHN C. GALTON, M.A., M.R.C.S., &c.
SOLICITOR—T. H. DEVONSHIRE, Esq.

FUNDS.

Realised Assets (1878)	*£2,492,793*
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	*2,426,833*
Annual Income	*518,039*

THE DIRECTORS have the pleasure to present their Report on the operations of the 30th financial year of the Society, ending 30th June, 1878.

During the year 5,491 proposals were made to the Society for assuring the sum of £2,189,442. Of these proposals 4,332 were accepted for the assurance of £1,714,129, and policies were issued for that amount. The immediate annuities granted during the year were for £6,634 4s. 3d.

The income derived from premiums, after deducting therefrom the amount paid for Re-assurance, was £413,717 2s. 2d., including £55,938 8s. 5d. in premiums for the first year of assurance.

The balance of the interest account amounted to £104,321 17s. 3d., which, together with the receipts from premiums, raised the income of the Society to £518,038 19s. 5d. for the year. The interest which had become payable, but which had not been received at the date of closing the accounts, is included in the item of "Outstanding Interest" among the assets.

The claims made upon the Society, and admitted during the year under Life Assurance policies, were for an amount of £196,204 19s. 4d., of which sum £5,666 19s. 1d. was reassured, whilst the claims under policies for Endowments, which had reached their term, amounted to £90,193 15s. 9d. The sum of £38,001 2s. 11d. was also paid for the surrender of policies.

After providing for these amounts—for the annuities falling due within the year—for all necessary office expenses, and every other charge on the income of the year, there remained a balance of £119,288 2s. 2d., which augments the fund available for the existing policies of the Society. This fund amounted at the end of the financial year to £2,426,832 19s. 11d., and, together with the amount of £65,960 18s. 6d., reserved for the settlement of claims outstanding, for the payment of annuities not applied for, and for other purposes specified in the Balance Sheet, make up a total of £2,492,793 18s. 5d. in realised assets, as shown in the 2nd Schedule.

The accounts have been duly audited by Mr. G. H. LADBURY, the Public Accountant (a Shareholder of the Society), on the part of the Shareholders; and by the Notary Public, Mr. W. W. VENN (a Policy-holder), on behalf of the Policy-holders. The whole of the securities and documents representing the realised assets of the Society have been verified, both by the Directors and by the Auditors.

The Directors have bestowed unremitting attention to the judicious investment of the funds of the Society. The amount rendered available for this purpose by the movement of funds during the year has been invested to yield an average rate of interest of 4·46 per cent.

The freehold premises of the Society were, in the course of last summer, in a sufficiently advanced state to allow of the transfer thither of the Society's principal offices.

The Directors retiring on the present occasion are Messrs. W. H. THORNTHWAITE, EDWARD SOLLY, F.R.S., and JAMES LYNE HANCOCK, who, being eligible, are recommended by the Board to constitute the list for re-election.

Mr. LADBURY and Mr. VENN retire as Auditors, but, being eligible, they offer themselves again for election, the former on behalf of the Shareholders, and the latter on behalf of the Policy-holders.

The Directors have given the usual order for the triennial valuation of the assurance and annuity contracts of the Society, which has been already commenced. The result of the valuation will be submitted to the Shareholders at the next Ordinary General Meeting.

The Directors congratulate the members on the continued prosperity of the Society.

By order of the Board,
November 7th, 1878. F. ALLAN CURTIS, *Actuary and Secretary.*

FIRST SCHEDULE.

Revenue Account of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society" for the year ending 30th June, 1878.

Amount of funds at the beginning of the year					£2,329,256 17 0
Premiums—First year	£55,938 8 5				
Renewals	361,769 12 1				
		£417,708 0 6			
Less Re-Assurance Premiums		3,990 18 4			
			413,717 2 2		
Consideration for Annuities granted			63,940 1 2		
Interest and Dividends			104,321 17 3		
Other Receipts:—					
Exchange			2,557 6 9		
Securities realised (Profit on Debentures repaid)			1,490 0 3		
Loan charges and Assignment Fees			14 2 9		
			£2,915,297 8 1		

Claims under Policies:—					
Deaths	£196,204 19 4				
Endowments	90,193 15 9				
		£286,398 15 1			
Less Re-Assured		5,666 19 1			
			£280,731 16 0		
Surrenders			38,001 2 11		
Annuities			27,830 9 3		
Commission			39,397 18 3		
Expenses of Management:—					
For the acquisition of new business:—					
Inspectors, Agency, and Travelling Expenses ...	£17,292 10 4				
Advertising	5,053 3 8				
Medical Fees	4,516 1 5				
		26,861 15 5			
General Expenses		38,586 18 10			
Fiscal Expenses:—					
Stamps and Income-tax (English and Foreign)...		4,506 8 8			
			69,955 2 11		
Dividends and Bonus to Shareholders			1,085 12 0		
Bonus in cash to Policy-holders			9,750 6 10		
Amount of funds at the end of the year, as per Second Schedule ...			2,448,544 19 11		
			£2,915,297 8 1		

We have examined the above Statement with the books of account, and hereby certify the same to be correct.

Dated October 24th, 1878. Signed, G. H. LADBURY, WILLIAM W. VENN, } *Auditors.*

Signed, W. H. THORNTHWAITE, *Chairman.*
A. H. SMEE, *Director.*
EDWARD SOLLY, *Director.*
F. A. CURTIS, *Actuary and Secretary.*

SECOND SCHEDULE.

Balance Sheet of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society" on the 30th June, 1878.

LIABILITIES.					
Shareholders Capital paid up	£21,712 0 0				
Assurance Fund	2,193,432 1 11				
Annuity Fund	230,571 8 5				
Deferred Annuity in Italian Rentes Fund	2,829 9 7				
Total funds as per First Schedule			2,448,544 19 11		
Claims admitted but not paid	43,650 1 3				
Less Re-Assured	1,400 0 0				
			42,250 1 3		
Annuities outstanding			1,910 9 3		
Share Dividends and Bonus not applied for			88 8 0		
Other securities			nil.		
			£2,492,793 18 5		

ASSETS.					
Mortgages on Property within the United Kingdom					£94,057 12 3
Mortgages on Property out of the United Kingdom					nil.
Loans to Corporations and other minor public bodies					98,401 19 7
Loans on the Company's Policies					198,946 3 4
Investments:—In British Government Securities					148,799 11 10
Foreign Government Securities					459,906 2 7
Railway Debentures and Debenture Stocks					815,352 9 8
Railway Shares (preference and guaranteed)					20,004 19 5
House Property					318,560 8 4
Loans upon personal security					38,941 10 4
Credit premiums					43,655 14 0
Advances on reversionary interests and on deposits of securities					34,793 3 0
Furniture and fittings					7,599 6 8
Stamps and stationery					1,500 0 0
Agents' balances					61,731 15 0
Outstanding premiums					85,882 18 4
Outstanding interest and rent					33,155 0 11
Cash in hand and on Current account					31,505 3 2
					£2,492,793 18 5

We have verified, at the Bank of England, the inscription of the Government Funds, in the name of THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, and have examined the books, documents, and securities, representing the property contained in this Balance Sheet, and hereby certify the correctness of the same.

Dated October 24th, 1878. Signed, G. H. LADBURY, WILLIAM W. VENN, } *Auditors.*

Signed, W. H. THORNTHWAITE, *Chairman.*
A. H. SMEE, *Director.*
EDWARD SOLLY, *Director.*
F. A. CURTIS, *Actuary and Secretary.*

BONUS YEAR, 1879.

POLICIES effected before the 1st July, 1879, on the profit tables, with annual premiums, will participate in the Bonus to be declared next year in the manner prescribed by the regulations of the Society.

PROPOSAL FORMS, &c., to be obtained on application to the Society's Agents, or to

F. ALLAN CURTIS, *Actuary and Secretary.*

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Adams, W. H. Davenport.—Memorable Battles in English History. 2 vols. Griffith and Farran.

A New Child's Play. Sixteen Drawings by E. V. B. Sampson Low and Co.

Adamson, H. T., B.D.—The Truth as it is in Jesus. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Barker, Mrs. Sale.—Little Wideawake. George Routledge and Sons.

Barker, Mrs. Sale.—Little Wideawake Pictures (Illustrated). George Routledge and Sons.

Bunce, John Thackeray.—Fairy Tales, their Origin, and Meaning. Macmillan and Co.

Coal, its History and Uses, by Professors Green, Miall, Thorpe, Rücker, and Marshall. Macmillan and Co.

Dalton, Henry R. S., B.A.—The Mountain Mystery. Remington and Co.

Desart, Earl of. Kelverdale. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Dixon, William Hepworth.—Royal Windsor. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Dodd, Rev. William, LL.D.—The Beauties of Shakespeare. (Illustrated.) George Routledge and Sons.

Drury, Edward James.—Comical French Grammar. George Rivers.

Every Boy's Annual for 1879. Edited by Edmund Routledge. George Routledge and Sons.

Every Girl's Annual. Edited by Miss Leith. George Routledge and Sons.

Frith, Henry, translated by.—Uncle Chesterton's Heir. By Madame Colomb. (Illustrated.) George Routledge and Sons.

Fuller, Rev. Morris, M.A.—Our Established Church. Pickering and Co.

Garrett, George W.—Maud Linden's Lovers. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

Geary, Grattan.—Through Asiatic Turkey, from Bombay to the Bosphorus. 2 vols. (Illustrated.) Sampson Low and Co.

Gentleman's Annual.—Christmas, 1878; Filthy Lucre. By Albany de Fonblanque. Chatto and Windus.

Giberne, Agnes.—The Rector's Home. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Grimm's Fairy Library. (10 vols. in case). George Routledge and Sons.

Hardy, Colonel A., retired list 21st Hussars.—Our Horses. William Ridgway.

Hitchman, Francis.—The Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. 2 vols. Sampson Low and Co.

Hodgson, Rev. James T., M.A.—Memoirs of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B.D. 2 vols. Macmillan and Co.

Kerner, Dr. A.—Flowers and their Unbidden Guests. Translated by W. Ogle, M.A., M.D. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Kingston, William H. G. Edited by.—The Swiss Family Robinson. George Routledge and Sons.

Latouche, John.—Travels in Portugal. Third Edition. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Longfellow's Poetical Works. Author's Pocket Edition, 11 vols., in case. George Routledge and Sons.

Macquoid, Katharine S.—Elinor Dryden. New Edition. Sampson Low and Co.

Martin, Theodore, Translated by. — Poems and Ballads. By Heinrich Heine. William Blackwood and Sons.

Near the Lagunas. By the Author of "Ponce de Leon." 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

Orlebar, Eleanor E.—Sancta Christina. Sampson Low and Co.

Phillips, Sarah, Translated from the German by.—A Hero of the Pen. By C. Werner. 2 vols. Sampson Low and Co.

Ranking, D. F., M.A.; and Ranking, B. M.—Milton's Comus, with Glossary. H. West.

Routledge's Christmas Annual.—The Disappearance of Mr. Jeremiah Redworth. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell.

Selborne, Lord, Inaugural Address Delivered by.—Macmillan and Co.

Shepherd, Richard Herne.—Waltoniana. Pickering and Co.

Shipley, Orbey, M.A.—Principles of the Faith in Relation to Sin. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Shipley, Mary E.—Looking Back. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Sintine, B. de.—Picciola. (New Edition). George Routledge and Sons.

Smith, Edward.—Biography of William Cobbett. 2 vols. Sampson Low and Co.

Somers, Robert.—The Martyr of Glencree. 3 vols. Sampson Low and Co.

Stephens, Henry P., Edited by.—The Round Table. Annual for Everybody. Chapman and Hall.

The Love that Leaps.—Christmas number of the "Poet's Magazine." C. W. Allen.

The Child's Delight. By Jeanie Hering (Mrs. Adams Acton). (Illustrated.) George Routledge and Sons.

The Child's Picture Scrap Book. (Illustrated). George Routledge and Sons.

Wallace, D. Mackenzie, M.A.—Russia. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Waldstein, Charles, Ph.D.—The Balance of Emotion. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Walker, William.—Handbook of Drawing. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Wilberforce, Robert Isaac, M.A.—The Five Empires. (15th Edition.) Pickering and Co.

The EDITOR *cannot undertake to return Manuscripts.*

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FOR SALE.—An excellent COPY of THE EXAMINER newspaper, in 70 vols., bound in boards, complete from its commencement in 1808 to the present time. The page of the first volume contains the autograph of Leigh Hunt, to whom the first 24 vols. belonged, and were presented by him to the late James Bunter, Esq., of Taunton, the fact being recorded in manuscript in the first volume. This rare copy is invaluable for the shelves of a public library in the United Kingdom, in the British Colonies, or in the United States of America. For particulars, address, "EX.," Inquiry Office, "Times" Office, Hereford.

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(Established 1803), 1, Old Broad-street, E.C.; and 16 and 17, Pall-mall, S.W.
Capital, £1,600,000. Paid up and Invested, £700,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE, Lombard-street and Charing Cross, London. Established 1782.
Prompt and Liberal Loss settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the World.
JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, *Secretary.*

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BRITISH EMPIRE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW BRIDGE-STREET, LONDON.
Incorporated under Special Acts of Parliament.
Funds in hand are nearly three-quarters of a million sterling.
DECLARATION OF TENTH BONUS.
Assurances effected under the bonus tables before the 31st December, 1878, will be entitled to participate in the distribution of the profits.
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Messrs. JAY are always provided with experienced dressmakers and milliners ready to travel to any part of the kingdom, free of expense to purchasers, when the emergencies of sudden or unexpected mourning require the immediate execution of mourning orders. They take with them dresses and millinery, besides material at 1s. per yard and upwards, to cut from the piece, all marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if purchased at the London General Mourning Warehouse, in Regent-street. Reasonable estimates also given for household mourning at a great saving to large or small families.

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Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.

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FINE OLD FOREIGN PRINCIPES, 15s. per lb.; samples, five for 1s. (14 stamps); La Clovieille Reinas, 16s. per 100; Trabucos, 12s. and 14s. per 100 (seven for 1s.); Regalias, 22s. per 100 (superior to most cigars at two guineas). Half-crown Bundles, great value, to clear off sampled boxes, by post 2s. 9d.

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For the Nursery, the Sick-Room, and the Family Table.

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Price 1s. 1½d. of all druggists.

POWELL'S BALSAM of ANISEED.

POWELL'S BALSAM of ANISEED.

THE oldest and most effectual COUGH REMEDY.

"H. M. Gunboat Netley, Wick, Scotland.

"Dear Sir: Having had a most distressing and severe cough, which caused me many sleepless nights and restless days, I was recommended by his lordship, the Earl of Caithness, to try your most invaluable BALSAM OF ANISEED, and I can assure you with the first dose I found immediate relief, even without having to suspend my various duties, and the first small bottle completely cured me. Therefore I have the greatest confidence in fully recommending it to the million.

(Signed) "W. LINZELL, H. M. Gunboat Netley."

POWELL'S BALSAM of ANISEED.

EXTRAORDINARY COUGH REMEDY.

A lady writes:—"When you see Mr. Powell, tell him that I would not be afraid to face a Russian winter with his BALSAM OF ANISEED for a companion, although my lungs are most susceptible."

An eminent clergyman in Lincolnshire writes:—"Having found POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED a most excellent remedy for coughs, &c., I have been giving away bottle after bottle to the poor of my parish."

POWELL'S BALSAM of ANISEED.

INVALUABLE for BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA.

The Rev. Wm. Lush writes from Stixwold Vicarage, Horncastle:—"For the past twelve years I have been in the habit of using myself, giving away, and recommending your Balsam. I should not be exaggerating if I said I have never known it to fail. Whenever I have had a cough I have used it in preference to anything else, and again and again it has cured me."

FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COLDS, &c.

WILL LOOSEN THE PHLEGM IMMEDIATELY.

The Dean of Westminster's Verger writes:—"I was advised to try the BALSAM OF ANISEED. I did, and have found very great relief. It is most comforting in allaying irritation and giving strength to the voice."

Lionel Brough, Esq., the eminent actor; writes:—"I think it an invaluable medicine for members of my profession, and have always recommended it to my brother and sister artistes."

POWELL'S BALSAM of ANISEED, for

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Mr. Thos. A. Sheridan, of Elphin, Ireland, writes:—"For three days and nights I was a stranger to rest and sleep, racked and almost killed with a hard cough. I tried all kinds of remedies, but to no purpose. At length a friend kindly supplied me with a quarter of a small bottle of your Balsam, and told me to try it, which I accordingly did. The result has been miraculous. The cough has almost ceased, and I have once more found out (thanks to your Balsam) what it is to enjoy sleep and life."

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